

# TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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## Around Town.

A correspondent writes asking for an opinion upon a certain phase of the divorce question. This paper has always urged that as a Canadian is privileged to secure a divorce for sufficient cause, the expense of getting a divorce, in such premises, should be greatly reduced. If we recognize that any grounds are sufficient to warrant the granting of a divorce; if we admit that morality requires that a good man shall be freed from a bad woman, or vice versa, it seems to be a very peculiar thing that the processes of this moral accomplishment should be made so very expensive. If one husband can get a divorce from a degraded and degrading wife by taking the steps now required, producing conclusive evidence and paying the large bills of expense incurred, while another husband with an equally depraved wife is unable to get relief because he cannot command the funds necessary to pay the costs, it seems to show that Canada's position in regard to divorce is untenable. Either the money of the one husband should not enable him to get a divorce, or the lack of money on the part of the other should be no barrier to his enjoyment of a similar measure of relief. The issue should depend altogether upon morality and evidence, and not at all upon one's capacity to pay costs. It is either right or wrong to grant a divorce. If it is wrong, money should be unable to buy it; if it is right, it should not be inaccessible to poor people. There should be no divorce at all, or there should be cheap divorce. In using the word "cheap" I do not mean that we should follow the bad example of Dakota and make divorce as easy and popular as marriage. From reading the Chicago papers one might get the idea that in that city a married couple may quarrel at breakfast, be divorced before luncheon and married to new mates before dinner. They do not, of course, move with such rapidity, yet public opinion in Canada might be more liberal on the divorce question were it not that we have seen, in parts of the neighboring Republic, how lightly it is possible for a people to esteem the marriage tie.

The aversion which we as a people have for the very idea of divorce may be creditable to us, yet when we admit that under certain circumstances it is in the interests of morality to divorce a married couple, we have no sound reason for piling up expenses so that that couple is debarred from divorce. The cost of the proceedings should be cheapened, and it could be done without opening the door another inch. The grounds upon which divorces are granted might remain precisely the same as now. The importance of the marriage contract should still be recognized to its fullest value as the very foundation of society, but if it is a good and necessary thing to grant a divorce under certain stipulated circumstances, it is an evil thing to prevent the divorce by making it too expensive. It is a moral question, and if the moralist is satisfied the taxman should not interfere.

It is impossible for anyone to fairly judge another, and there is nothing more idle than for one to say what he would do if he were in another's place. You know scarcely anything at all about the other man's place. You do not know the thousand details of his surroundings; perhaps you do not even know the one big, stubborn fact that forces him along in the course he takes. Those who get divorces may be doing the right thing. Those who suffer and resolve to live it out may be doing the right thing. A divorced person is much more likely to marry again than one whom death has bereaved, for in the latter case there are memories that rise up constantly and ask to be cherished. The divorced person, disappointed in one venture, explains the unhappy experience by saying that the choice of a partner was unfortunate, but that there would be great happiness in a fortunate marriage. Most widows, I think, are satisfied that only comparative happiness is attainable, and in marrying again that is probably all they hope for, while the divorcee enters a second marriage as hopefully as she did her first. When, however, a man or a woman has married twice unhappily it should perhaps be accepted as proof that that person is not adapted to matrimony. There cannot be happiness in marriage unless the husband or the wife has sense enough for two. The fact may never come out, yet a reserve of sense on the part of one is absolutely necessary for some hour when the other will temporarily have none. What I really mean to say is that there can be no happiness in marriage unless the husband or the wife is resolved to attain it whether the other assists or not. Human nature is such, and life is so hard, that there inevitably comes a time to almost every married

couple when, if neither is inspired by this resolve, a serious or fatal misunderstanding arises. In most cases it is the wife who possesses the greater share of domestic good sense. She may not use it habitually, yet in a crisis it exerts itself to save the family. There are not enough of such women to go around, and so some men must possess it. Probably few such men find marriage joyless, and few such women wholly fail to make their homes happy ones. I am quite of the opinion that hundreds of divorces are granted annually in the United States to men and women who, had they not been so readily accommodated with separation, might have persevered and reached a happiness that they will never again have a chance to extract from life. A marriage that ends in divorce is not a trifle lightly forgotten; it is a moral tragedy, and it must impress one's character. It is a social tragedy, and it must affect one's view of and relation to life. Considering the whole subject I should say that the person who has married twice and has twice been disappointed should not marry a third time, unless for the sake of others.

As I have pointed out on other occasions, the Marquis of Lorne has done more for this country in Great Britain than any other ex-Governor-General. He has frequently traveled to London from Scotland to attend some lecture on a Canadian subject or some dinner given in honor

private to Sunday afternoon, yet the parks belong to Jew and Gentile, Protestant and Roman Catholic, and a gospel meeting cannot command the respect of all who are in the parks on such occasions. If one sect may hold a meeting, another may also, and as the policemen may not be expert judges of doctrine the agnostics, the Mormons, and other promoters of views quite horrifying to Mr. Perry and his friends, might soon be lecturing to crowds as large as the one he would attract. I believe that the by-law against public speaking in the parks on Sunday did more to suppress a noisy little coterie of aggressive free-thinkers in Toronto half a dozen years ago, than could have been done by any other measure. Those men Sunday after Sunday baited one or two earnest but indiscreet believers, and, getting up a heated discussion, attracted a large crowd. Those who argued with these men no doubt felt that they were testifying to the faith that was in them, while, as a matter of fact, they were promoting the cause of infidelity by giving its apostles an audience to operate upon. Boys in their teens stood by the hour listening to these arguments, and in course of time grew to laugh at smart blasphemies, so that I then thought, and still believe, that the general effect of park preaching, even aside from the disturbances often caused, was decidedly more evil than good. In the ordinary course of events the agnostic cannot reach the average young

have forgotten what it would mean to let the park orators out again.

Muskoka is one of the very finest summer resorts in North America, and the remark is often made that if it were located in the United States instead of in Canada it would soon enjoy a reputation the world over. General Manager Hayes of the Grand Trunk, since taking charge of that railway, has exhibited a great deal of enterprise in certain directions, and those who recognize the great possibilities of Muskoka as an immense summer resort are waiting to see what Mr. Hayes proposes to do this year to boom Muskoka. He represents the one company that is interested in every square inch of that country of beautiful lakes and islands, because whichever lake or island grows most popular makes no real difference to the railroad that will do the carrying. If a couple of Friday to Monday excursions were organized and run early in the season, (this month), at a cheaper rate than ever known before, and with more attention paid to the comfort of the passengers than was ever known before, the beauties of Muskoka might be impressed upon a great many people who have never visited that country yet. Those who might thus be induced to run up for a couple of days would almost certainly go up later for a couple of weeks or a couple of months, and every new and well pleased "resorter" would send out letters encouraging

early and late to bring this new country forward.

The despatch from Barrie refers to Totten as "the oldest pauper ever confined in jail here," which clearly indicates the provision made by Simcoe county for the helpless poor. In country places I have heard a great many fine arguments advanced against the proposal to start a Poor House. When a councillor believes that the institution, if built, would be located in the other end of the county, he grows sentimental and argues that it would be a terrible thing to commit people to a "poor-house," an indignity and an unforgivable disgrace; yet in those counties where no such institutions are found, the jails are utilized and a greater disgrace inflicted, with much less comfort and freedom for the pauper. The counties that are evading the poor-house question should be compelled to act. Youth owes something to age; success owes something to failure; society owes it to itself to care for those who are wrecked. Society should employ its energies in hastening the day when jails will be empty and useless, and a social error is committed when children and paupers are hustled into jail because it is the easiest way of disposing of them.

Some day, when the world grows older and wiser, a method will be devised whereby the important business matters of such a city as

Toronto will be considered in secret and decisions arrived at in the real interests of the town, just as the board of directors of any private corporation meet and decide what to do. This course could be adopted now, but the triumph of the future will be that secrecy may then be preserved without danger to the city's interests. Even now, and as things are at present, it is very doubtful if the advantage of doing business openly is worth as much to the ratepayers as it is to the corporations and individuals who try to get the best of the city in one deal and another. If the Council secretly decided what to do in every emergency that might arise, would the city lose money because the newspapers, those watchdogs of the ratepayers' interests, were not there to give warning growls when a mistake was being made; and, on the other hand, would the city make money because wire-pullers were not there to get in their fine work and embarrass aldermen who, if left alone, would do the right thing? It is simply a question of whether the city would lose or gain more by the doing of business in secret.

We all know that any ordinary business enterprise could be ruined by its competitors if its every movement were known beforehand and could be forestalled. That the city is very often forestalled, we know; yet we also know that aldermen have often been "induced" to support bad measures, and that iniquitous jobs have been frustrated by the vigilance of the press. It is held that the City Council should do business in the open manner of a Legislature, yet we must not forget that a Legislature has a Cabinet that frames policies and in private decides what course to take. If the Board of Control in Toronto corresponds with anything on earth, it is with a Cabinet, and any attempt that may be made to force that Board to meet in public and in public alone, is bound to fail. The four men who constitute the Board will get together in spite of any clamor that may be raised. If driven to it, they will meet mid-way on a staircase and decide what to do—or on the street. If those men wish to arrive at an understanding upon any question it is impossible to prevent them, and I think that most people will say that it is undesirable that they should be forced to consult only in public. Their acts have to be ratified by the aldermen in public, and so it seems that we now have a system that embraces some of the merits of the secret method, and some of the merits of the wide-open method, and we should give the system a fair trial.

That the Public and Separate school children of Toronto are to hold open-air games on Jubilee day in different places, is a mistake for which somebody is responsible. If the Separate school people were chargeable with this, I am sure we would be treated to a very fine assortment of exclamations against this herding apart of children who should be taught to dwell together in the most amicable spirit. It is, however, stated by Ald. Burns that the peculiar arrangement must be charged to the Public school authorities. If the boys of the Separate schools can out-run and out-jump the boys of the Public schools, the demonstrated fact would possess no deep religious significance. The opportunities of putting all the children of the city on level ground with no barriers or fences, or rival colors, or party tunes between them, are altogether too rare, and such a chance as this should not have been neglected.



MORNING.

of a prominent Canadian. He has made many speeches and presided over many meetings in relation to Canadian interests, and he has never missed a chance to correct errors that he found in the world's mind as to the climate and people of this Dominion. His latest proof of friendship is an article in the *Daily Graphic* descriptive of the progress this country has made. If the opportunity presents itself Canada should show that she appreciates the good-will of the Marquis of Lorne.

A peculiar situation was created when the Mayor was asked to allow the Epworth Leaguers, who will presently gather here in vast numbers, to hold early morning prayer meetings in High Park and Reservoir Park. The Mayor stated that owing to the by-law prohibiting the holding of Sunday meetings in the parks, permission could not be granted. The Parks and Gardens Committee, however, decided to permit the prayer meetings to be held, and, under the circumstances, I think most people will agree that the right course was taken. It would go on record as an astonishing thing if the Epworth League had desired to go out into the open air to pray in this city of Toronto and had been denied the privilege. If any by-law conflicts with the right of the convention to carry through its programme it should be set aside to meet the case, for no by-law was ever passed with such an object in view.

The application made by Mr. T. P. Perry and others to hold gospel meetings in High Park on Sunday afternoons is just the sort of thing at which the by-law was aimed, and the Parks Committee very properly rejected it. Those who remember the scenes in Queen's Park a few years ago will firmly resist any suggestion that High Park should be thrown open to controversial religionists, agnostics, and other people with bees in their bonnets. A gospel meeting may be a good thing and very appro-

person. He may engage a hall and lecture, but few will attend. Give him, however, the free range of the parks on Sunday, and he will attract crowds with the novelty of his views on subjects of belief and faith. But even if this class of person could be particularized and excluded, experience has shown that there cannot be park oratory without altercations over questions of creed, ribald interruptions, and generally a complete disturbance of the peacefulness of nature which constitutes the great charm of the parks.

It was in 1891 that the by-law was passed. For two or three Sundays there had been serious rows, crowds of men and boys going about Queen's Park upsetting the stools or platforms used by the park orators, and making these talkative persons fly for their lives. I remember one man whose mission it was to convince mankind that the earth was not round, but flat, and so, to test the theory, the crowd undertook to chase him off the edge one Sunday afternoon. For one of his years, the way he ran in the lead of five hundred pursuers in full cry was a caution. This man, like the park agnostic, has not, perhaps, had an audience since. The proceedings were, for two or three Sundays, quite riotous. Then the by-law was passed, and the same mob that had stoned the orators, stoned the police for arresting the orators who persisted in speaking. Several policemen were struck with brick-bats and had to freely use their batons. I was present when Mayor Clarke walked into the thick of the row, confident of his power to quell it, but in a few moments the Mayor was flying from the Park, his retreat covered by half a dozen policemen, and a mob of two thousand men and boys in hot chase. The by-law was enforced and the result has been beneficial. For six years our parks have been what they should be on Sunday, quiet and restful, and I have recalled the Sunday disturbances of 1891 lest some may

others to come. Mr. Hayes should also see to it that the quality of the train service and the courtesy of train officials, between big centers of population and pleasure resorts, are not worse, but if possible better, than along other lines. If Sir William Van Horne had the grip on Muskoka that Mr. Hayes enjoys, it is thought that he would undertake to make it hum in hot weather.

The death of Thomas Totten in the Barrie jail a couple of weeks ago at the age of 103 years, should cause people to reflect upon the treatment accorded him in his old age. He was not a criminal, but a pauper. He had once been a wealthy farmer, but suffered reverses as he grew old, and ended his days in prison, a pauper. This man was an adult when the battle of Waterloo was fought; he was drawing on toward fifty years of age when the Mackenzie rebellion occurred, and when the first mile of railroad track was laid in Canada. Perhaps this man managed during all his very long life to keep out of jail, until the time came when his flocks and his herds, his houses and barns and lands, passed from his possession, and the man, excessively old and unable to feed and clothe himself, was committed to jail for that he had grown old and helpless. While hale and hearty it may be presumed that he contributed something to the development of the country. What houses he built, what forests he cleared, what lands he drained, what charities he upheld, what moral causes he promoted, what sufferings he relieved, what burdens he assumed in order to relieve others, no man can say, for such things are not written to a man's credit in human records; but it is conceivable that in his time—for we are told that he was once a wealthy farmer—he played a man's part in some community in the County of Simcoe. Something better than a cell in a jail should surely be provided for the old men of this country who, in their day, have worked



If a change is now made there is room to fear that the mischief has been done, and that Public school boys will feel that the entry of a Separate school boy in a race with them is a religious issue, and that he will be regarded with especial rivalry by all the others. The thing is singularly unfortunate and at variance with the sentiments of the people of Toronto. The person responsible for this happening should receive a very stiff reprimand. The school children of Toronto are required to do many foolish things; but this is not idle folly, for it instils into them an active and nasty idea which I am sure the average parent has tried to keep out of his children's heads.

To say that the Separate school people did not offer to contribute anything towards the cost of prizes for the games does not justify the course taken, for if they had been asked to do so and had declined, it would not have been hard to raise a prize fund.

#### Society at the Capital.

THE last ten days have been full of disappointments, as there have been many outdoor functions on the tapis, none of which have come off successfully, owing to so much rain, and many of which have been indefinitely postponed. Hon. Sidney Fisher issued about eight hundred invitations for a large garden party to be held at the Experimental Farm last Saturday. But alas! after a fine morning it proved a very showery afternoon. However, a number of enterprising people went out and were cordially received by the popular young Minister, and by his mother and aunt, Mrs. and Miss Fisher of Montreal. Large marquees were erected all over the grounds as reception, drawing and refreshment-rooms. Those who went had what the Yankees call a "good time," and were invited back on Monday, as were all those to whom invitations had been sent. But unfortunately Monday was hopelessly wet, a steady downpour all day rendering streets and grass almost impossible to walk upon. So this function is indefinitely postponed, as Mrs. and Miss Fisher have both returned home.

The Vice-Regal party is entirely broken up. Dr. Gibson left last week for England, and it is doubtful if he will return. He is very popular here, for as well as being a splendid pianist he is an exceedingly nice man. Mr. Neve of the Royal Berkshire Regiment, now stationed at Halifax, has gone there with their Excellencies and will not return to Ottawa. He leaves shortly for England, and will, it is said, join before long the "noble army of martyrs." He would have been even more popular here than he was, had it not been known that he was engaged to a charming English girl. Mr. Neve is the young aide-de-camp who, it is said, wrote cards of invitation for thirty-six hours without intermission, and was still alive to tell the tale himself.

Mrs. Dobell, who gives all sorts of entertainments large and small, gave an afternoon tea last Thursday which, notwithstanding the torrents of rain falling, was largely attended. Mr. Sturrock, a Toronto vocalist who has been a much appreciated visitor in musical circles here all winter, sang several times.

Madame Taschereau, the youthful bride of Mr. Justice Taschereau, issued a number of invitations for an At Home to be held at the Lawn Tennis Club, of which the judge is president, last Monday afternoon, but alas! the weather made it impossible. Next Monday is the day fixed upon for the *fete*. It is said here that it will rain every day until June 29, when a change is announced.

Miss Fleming and Miss Van Inland, two charming Quebec girls, are in town. Miss Fleming's mother was a Miss Sewell, and the family have relatives and friends all over Canada.

The Misses Van Horne, sister and daughter of Sir William Van Horne, have been in town, the guests of Mrs. Edgar at the Speaker's Chambers.

Mrs. Tilley of London, Ont., who is very popular here, has been in town, the guest of Mrs. Ami Claremont.

The household of the late Mr. William Smith, Deputy Minister of Marine and Fisheries, has been broken up. Mrs. Smith having gone to Nova Scotia to visit friends. Miss Smith married a short time ago Mr. W. Middleton, a nephew of General Sir William Middleton, and Miss Laura Smith has started on a round of visits to friends, amongst others to Mr. and Mrs. Murray Swinyard.

Sir Charles Tupper will leave for British Columbia as soon as the session is over, but it is doubtful if Lady Tupper will accompany him.

Lady Tilley is in Montreal and will doubtless come to Ottawa before long to visit her sister, Mrs. Tobin of Chapel street.

Ottawa, June 9.

#### Social and Personal.

The clerk of the weather has been unkind to this week's brides, the two weddings of Monday afternoon taking place during a downpour of rain, and Miss Carrie Sanders and Dr. Ross being also married on a gloomy, foggy day—last Wednesday. Such a freak on the part of Jupiter Pluvius was most inconsiderate, and the people at the weather bureau must have neglected their proper obedience to the god of rain. On Monday everything was dripping as the bridal party of Miss Mildred O'Brien, second daughter of Mr. Henry O'Brien, and Mr. Henry A. Prince, son of Col. Prince of Hartford, Conn., started for that most picturesque and pretty of our city churches, St. Paul's, in Bloor street, where Rev. T. C. DesBarres awaited the arrival of the fair bride to perform the ceremony. The guests, few in number and largely composed of relatives, with a few intimate friends, were shown to seats reserved by the usual white ribbon barrier, by four ushers, Mr. H. O'Brien, brother of the bride, and Messrs. Ardagh, Strathy and Blaikie. The officiating clergyman, with the bridegroom-elect and his best man, Mr. F. W. Prince of Hartford, then took their places, and the organ heralded the approach of the bride's procession by the Wagner Bridesmaid's Chorus. Miss O'Brien, in a simple and dainty white organdie with delicate lace, and a white picture hat with trimming of natural sweet-peas, walked before the bride

as maid of honor. Then came the cynosure of all eyes, the graceful girl whose step from maid to matron was to be witnessed by interested friends and relatives. Very dignified and handsome was the bride, in a rich and lustrous robe of white satin, with sweeping train and softly folded bodice, and a cloud of *tulle* lightly enveloping her fair head and shimmering gown. The bridal bouquet was of white lilies and roses, the bridesmaid carrying pink sweet-peas. As soon as the ceremony was over the bridal party and guests drove to the home of the bride's parents in Sherbourne street, where congratulations were offered by many friends to Mr. and Mrs. Prince. The bride and groom left for a honeymoon at Seneca Lake, N. Y., and carried with them love and good wishes from many beside the little coterie who were present to bid them adieu. Mrs. Prince's going-away gown was of dull blue cloth braided, with plaid silk vest. A pretty feature of this wedding was the presence of the little daughters of Mrs. Walter Gillespie, who stood at the altar steps and strewed the bride's path with fragrant sweet-peas. Another intimate touch was the singing by the guests and family of the beautiful hymn, O Perfect Love, after the benediction was pronounced, and while the bridal pair still knelt before the altar. The decorations at the house were very beautiful, the bride and groom receiving before a bank of white flowers, and the buffet being lavishly lovely with lilies-of-the-valley and white roses, and brightened with pink satin ribbons. Mr. George S. Prince, the secretary of the New York Central, and Mrs. Prince came to the wedding in their private car, which they placed at the disposal of the bride and groom for their wedding journey. Dr. and Mrs. Symonds of New York, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Strathy, Mrs. Morton and the Misses Foster of Barrie were other guests from outside Toronto. Mrs. Strathy was greatly admired in a black satin gown with rich white lace. Mrs. Moberly wore a very sweet frock of heliotrope silk under grenadine.

The first break in the family circle at Florsheim took place on Monday, when the second daughter of the house, Miss Leila Alice Taylor, was married to Lieutenant Charles J. Catto of the 48th Highlanders. The number of guests was rather limited, and the arrangements conducted with that simplicity combined with elegance impossible when the guests are packed into quarters suitable for half the number. It was not so at the wedding of Monday last. Just before the arrival of the bride the rain ceased, and though the sun did not shine, there was no doubt of the happiness that shone in the bride's brilliant dark eyes and made little demure smiles about her pretty mouth. Very sweet and winsome she looked as she came slowly up the dim center aisle of hoary St. James's and stepped into the circle of light glowing from the chandeliers. Before the bride came the four ushers, her two brothers, Mr. Maurice Taylor and Mr. A. P. Taylor, with Lieutenant Douglas Macdougall and Mr. Harry Mason; then Miss Taylor as maid of honor, in a pretty dress of embroidered *mousseline* over pink silk, with lace and pink ribbons, and a picture hat with wide brim trimmed with pink *chiffon* and flowers and white wings, and carrying an immense bouquet of pink roses. Miss Catto, sister of the groom, and Miss Ethel Taylor, younger sister of the bride, were the bridesmaids, in white *mousseline* over green silk, with floating green ribbons, and large leghorn hats with green rosettes, white lilies and white wings; their bouquets were enormous affairs of white lilies and gladioli. Captain D. M. Robertson, rector of St. Simon's, the family church of the groom, performed the ceremony. Bridal music heralded the approach of the bride's procession, and many a feminine eye noted with critical approval the charming appearance of the bride. There are white satin gowns and white satin gowns, and bridal attire is a trying test, but it was the unanimous opinion of her friends that Miss Leila Taylor never looked better than in her bridal fineries. Dainty lace shrouded her pretty bodice, on which gleamed a pendant of opals and diamonds, the gift of the groom, and lilies fell in a garland to her feet, lilies-of-the-valley crowned her, and over all the bridal veil fell lightly, softening but not concealing the happy little face of the bride and the delicate outline of her slim, girlish figure. She was led to the altar and given away by her father. A reception after the ceremony took place at Florsheim, when Mr. and Mrs. Catto were wished countless years of happiness and all sorts of good luck. The bridal party stood in the small reception-room, which the guests passed through and via the pretty conservatory trellised with lovely white climbing roses in full bloom, into the suite of rooms where the *dejeuner* was set at quartette tables. The bride's table, at which the bridal party and the bride's mother were seated, was daintily done in white and rose pink, and the color scheme was carried out at a score of smaller tables. White roses and pink were strewn among a delicious array of good things, and immense bowls of Dunlop's fairest beauties were here and there about the bright rooms. Upstairs a roomful of elegant presents were admired by the guests; among them were a handsome clock from the employees of the groom, and a silver Queen Anne tea service from the Colonel and officers of the 48th Highlanders. Mr. and Mrs. Catto left by the afternoon train for New York *en route* for England, and began their wedding journey amid a shower of roses, which were thrown in dozens by the guests as the bride and groom left Florsheim. A few of those at the wedding were: The Bishop and Mrs. Sullivan, Rev. T. C. Street Macklem, Mr. and Mrs. Duncan of Brantford, Hon. G. W. and Mrs. Ross, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Ross, Mr. Don Ross, Mrs. John I. Davidson, Captain and Mrs. J. Forbes Michie, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Ellis, who, by the way, celebrated their twentieth anniversary on Monday, Mr. and Mrs. Edmund E. Sheppard, the Misses Graham, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Long, Dr. David Smith and the Misses Smith, Mr. and Mrs. George H. Gooderham, and many others.

The marriage of Miss Caroline Louise Sanders and Dr. John F. Ross took place at the residence of the bride's uncle, Mr. Homer Pingle, in Bloor street, on Wednesday at three o'clock. Miss Sanders wore her traveling-dress

of fine drab cloth with vest of white silk *en blouse* braided in gold, and a smart little Paris hat of black straw with heron's plumes in black, and fancy ribbons; dainty wee posies of violets and rosebuds were clustered on the brim. Miss Florence Sanders, sister of the bride, was bridesmaid, in a frock of yellow muslin with cream lace and *chiffon*, and a large Leghorn hat with white wings, accordion *chiffon* pleatings and ties. The bride's bouquet was of white roses, and the bridesmaid's bouquet was tied with long yellow ribbons. Mr. Charles Ross of the Dominion Bank, brother of the groom, was best man, and Rev. D. C. Hossack of Parkdale, brother-in-law of the groom, performed the ceremony. Many beautiful presents were given to the bride, who has been appreciated highly for her many fine qualities by a large circle, and is known artistically as a very fine pianiste. Dr. and Mrs. Ross have gone to the Atlantic coast for their honeymoon, and will, after a summer in Muskoka, take up house at 43 Huntley street, where Mrs. Ross will receive on first and second Mondays after September 1.

Sir George and Lady de H. Larpet arrived in Toronto on Thursday and are at the Priory on a visit to Lady de H. Larpet's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong, with whom they will later spend some time at their Island home.

A very pleasant *coterie* are now *en pension* at Mrs. Brodie's in Rosedale. Mr. and Mrs. Lowndsbrough and their family, Mr. and Mrs. Mandeville Merritt, Mr. and Mrs. James Scott, and Mrs. Kerr are of the party.

Mrs. Burchard was in town for a few days, looking after *les chiffons* for an attendance at the marriage of her late husband's brother in the States. This fascinating woman will wear pure white muslin with many curving tucks laid upon the skirt and bodice, and lengths of wide white ribbon for garniture.

Talking of *chiffons*, that was a veritable vision of beauty which Stitt's clever dressmaker, Miss Williams, designed for Mrs. Blackstock Downey for to-day's wedding. *Figures-roues, mesdames!* A rich silk, white, and slightly *noire*, with satin stripes here and there of pale blue, varying with stripes of black, the skirt finished with three frills bound with black velvet, wider behind than in front, and ending at a narrow front breadth which was overlaid with the most exquisite white *chiffon*, embroidered in Moorish arabesques of black, on either side of which were cascades of white embroidered *chiffon*, threaded with tiny black ribbon velvet. The bodice had a *chiffon*-frilled yoke fastened on the side, with a folded belt of pale blue satin, over which was worn a Moorish girdle of gold filigree and pearls, the ends of which fell to the knees over the embroidered front of the skirt. The sleeves were of shirred *chiffon*, alternating with frills, embroidered and velvet-threaded, with dainty little stiff shoulder bretelles of the silk frills. At the back, a Watteau bow of broad black ribbon velvet fell to the outermost frill of the skirt, rising from a smart butterfly of the blue satin, set just between the shoulders. A collar of *chiffon* festooned with Moorish chains of gold and pearls was the last little touch to the prettiest gown I have seen this year. As Mrs. Downey will not make a very long stay in New York before returning to Toronto, we shall perhaps have a peep at it soon, adorning and being adorned by its sweet little owner.

On Thursday week Dr. and Mrs. Larratt Smith of Summerhill sail with their family for England.

Mrs. Bath has been for the past week at Dulce Donum with her mother, Mrs. Francis.

Mrs. Jean Blewett, who was visiting friends in town, returned home last week.

Mrs. Benson of Quebec has been visiting Miss Wilkie of Sherbourne street.

The closing day of the Hamilton Races was the excuse for a very jolly excursion to the Ambitious City under the management of two prominent Toronto hosts. The party went by private car, and had lunch served on board in elegant style. A number of other little parties were formed and took in the Races. There were many greetings to Miss Jones and her guests, who arrived from Northcote and carried back with them that ever welcome and charming girl, Miss Maude Hendrie. Captain Forester was to the fore with Dodo, and returned to the camp on the same evening. The gowns of the Hamilton ladies were, as usual, very swell. By the way, does anyone alive recall the fact that the Prince of Wales, on his visit to Canada ages ago, remarked that the ladies he saw at Hamilton were the best-dressed of any? Needless to say that I cannot personally vouch for this, but I have a very sure memory of having heard it often quoted.

The Loan Exhibition at Rosedale School should attract a great many lovers of art to-day.

Mr. Sanford Evans' striking personality is to be encountered on our streets again. Mr. Evans came from New York last week to take up journalistic work in this city. His young brother, Mr. Harry Evans, has, I see, taken his B. A. degree at Toronto University.

Instead of the usual *May fete* the Young People's Association of St. Stephen's church purpose holding a garden party on Thursday afternoon and evening next. They have been fortunate in securing the beautiful grounds of the Macdonell homestead, corner of Bathurst and Nassau streets. High tea will be served from half-past five until half-past seven p.m., when no doubt many will take the opportunity of enjoying an outdoor repast. The band of the Queen's Own, under the direction of Mr. Bayley, will furnish the music. The following ladies have kindly consented to take charge of the different tables: Mrs. Mitchell, Mrs. Lockhart, Mrs. Canavan, Mrs. Nation, Mrs. Wedd, and Misses Shanly, Minty, Michie and Canavan.

Mr. and Mrs. Ivens have again taken up house at 507 Ontario street, on Mrs. Ivens' return from the South. Mrs. Ivens will receive on the first and third Tuesdays in each month.

At Mr. Haslam's pupils' vocal recital on Tuesday, quite a triumph was scored by his clever

pupils for their teacher. Miss Notman, Miss Norman, Miss Taylor, Miss Hirst and Mrs. Crowley, all did Mr. Haslam great credit, and the last mentioned lady in her pretty buttercup and white gown made the success of the evening.

That ever popular function, the summer At Home and dance of the Argonaut Rowing Club, takes place at the Club House this afternoon from three to eight o'clock.

A Montreal society paper in speaking of Race week in Toronto implies that our high jinks were many and varied. No doubt we had a good time, but the further enlargement that at Government House dinners, luncheons, teas and dances followed each other brilliantly, seems to me a little too much effervescence. At all events, a good many of us don't seem to have been aware of these gay doings, and I fancy the Montreal scribe was moved to record what might have been had not our Governor been an invalid, rather than the quiet and solicitous care which grudges him the smallest unnecessary expenditure of strength.

Society was stirred to the heart with regret and sorrow when the sad news of the sudden death of Dr. Frederick Strange was last Saturday passed from lip to lip. The deceased was so well known in military, professional and social circles that his place will never be filled in the memory of his contemporaries. A fine type, such as we seldom see in this country, both in appearance and intellect distinctly commanding, graced with a courtly and gentle manner, a kind and sympathetic heart, a generous and open-handed nature, small wonder that his loss has awakened regret in all quarters. Upon his bier, as he lay in state in the Armouries, guarded by the soldiers of our Queen City, were flowers sent by young and old, little ones whom he loved, and poor creatures who denied themselves to deck his last resting-place with evanescent beauty. It was beyond measure touching to see the lonely man, without kith or kin this side the sea, crowned with the love and gratitude of many, and clothed in the bright trappings of the service he had adorned. Many who recall his references to a dearly loved sister in England, and who have affectionate memory of her daughter who resided for some months with her uncle recently in Toronto, will send thoughts of sympathy across the ocean to these and others mourning the loss of this gifted man, who was buried with military honors on Monday afternoon.

Mr. Churchill Cockburn has returned from Muskoka. I am grieved to hear of the continued illness of sweet Mrs. Tait, who has had now about three months of it.

Mr. J. Enoch Thompson has taken Hazelhurst, Center Island, near the Yacht Club house, and will spend the summer there with his family.

Mrs. Byron Nicholson of Ontario street has gone to Quebec for the summer months.

Miss E. Rutherford of Hamilton is the guest of Miss Lillian Empey, Wilton crescent.

Mr. and Mrs. Norman B. Gash are settled for the summer in Rosedale at No. 12 Pine Hill road. Mrs. Gash is At Home on the first, second and third Tuesdays.

Mr. and Mrs. Harman Brown have been enjoying a visit from their son and daughter-in-law, who came to town last week. On Tuesday afternoon Mrs. Harman Brown gave one of those informal teas, which her friends always enjoy so much, for her guests.

A marriage which is to consummate an engagement I hinted at some time ago, is to take place this summer between Mr. W. Grant, formerly of Montreal, and Mrs. Fraser-Blackstock. Mrs. Blackstock is now at Boothden, the one-time retreat *en villégiature* of the famous actor who gave the sweet spot its name.

A bridesmaids' dinner was given by Mrs. Mulock on Thursday evening for the attendants of the bride-elect, Miss Edith Mulock, and her ushers.

Mrs. Bolte and Mrs. Drynan are to spend the holiday months in Cobourg.

Mrs. and Miss Melvin-Jones took the Monday boat for the Sault, where they will pay a little visit to relatives.

Sir Casimir and Lady Gzowski leave shortly for England.

Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Capreole have removed to 105 Spadina road.

Hanlan's Point is again *en evidence* as a fresh air lounge during the summer evenings. The good music, brilliant promenade and jolly roof garden are as usual appreciated by a big crowd who understand the pleasure of simple amusements.

The Queen's Royal Hotel at Niagara opened a few days in advance of its regular opening, for the reception of Major-General Gascoigne and his staff, who are now at Niagara-on-the-Lake for the Brigade Camp. Mrs. Otter is also staying at the Queen's Royal.

Miss Ethel Davies, the charmingly bright and pretty daughter of the Minister of Marine and Fisheries, with her cousin, Miss Florence Davies, is visiting Mrs. Cattanauch of St. George street.

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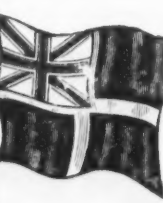
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## Social and Personal.

Mr. Dickson Patterson's studio tea was by long odds the most artistic and swaggy affair of the kind given this season. The beauties of the charming home in Elmsley Place are so many and so novel, and the hospitality so spontaneous, that it is hoped the great pleasure expressed by the crowd of guests may induce Mr. Patterson to repeat the affair of Friday afternoon. Music of a very high order, (for Mrs. Hope and Dr. Scadding sang several times, and Mr. Delasco gave us that beautiful Blumenthal song of courage and hope, Sunshine), was a feature. Then there stood upon the artist's easel a bright little portrait of Mrs. Blackstock Downey, destined to be numbered among Miss Schroeder's bridal gifts to-day, and fitting here and there was the original of this portrait, that one might compare art and nature and admire both. Tea was served at a buffet in the beautiful dining-room, and there people did not linger too long, for the singers in the studio had a subtle charm that the most intricate sandwich or the most seductive "cup." Mr. Patterson's artistic home has often been described in flattering terms, but I think the society man who asserted that it had more "jolly, beautiful old nooks, don't you know, than any house in town," about hit the mark. That adorable little lattice-windowed glory hole, whence peeped down bright smiling faces while the crowd below in the studio chatted, is quite too suggestive of romance. Gallery, balcony, whatever Mr. Darling, the architect, chooses to call it, it is a most fetching fancy. Among Mr. Patterson's guests were: Mr. and Mrs. Willie Hope, Miss Jarvis, Mr. and Mrs. Delasco, Dr. and Mrs. Crawford Scadding, Mrs. Irving Cameron, Mrs. William McKenzie, Miss John Cawthra, Mrs. Hugh Macdonald, Miss and Mr. Macdonald, Mrs. Drayton, Mrs. Willie Moore, Miss Blackstock, Mr. Blackstock, Mrs. and Miss Brouse, Mrs. and Miss Matthews, Miss Katherine Merritt, Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Gibson, Mrs. Kerr Osborne, Miss Jessie Row, and Mr. Kelly Evans, Mr. Sidney Small, Miss Small, Mrs. MacMahon, Miss Gooderham, Mrs. Sweeney, Mrs. Gzowski, Mrs. E. B. Osler and Miss Osler, Mr. and Mrs. Ramsay Wright, Mrs. Stratford, Mrs. and Miss Elmsley, Mrs. Hume Blake, Miss Kirkpatrick, Miss Homer Dixon, Mrs. and Miss Jean Clark, Mrs. Monroe Grier, Miss Boulton, the Misses Kingsmill, Mrs. Clinch, Mrs. Bristol, Mrs. McCuaig, Miss Ethel White, Miss Wilkie, Mrs. Benson of Quebec, Mrs. R. O. McCulloch, Mrs. Shearson of Savannah, Mrs. Warren and Mrs. J. I. Davidson.

Miss Louie Jones, Miss Mabel Cawthra and Miss Helen Beardmore, who have been rusticated at Mr. Jones's charming country seat, Norwood, near Woodstock, returned home on Tuesday.

Mrs. Lapham is visiting her parents, Archdeacon and Mrs. Boddy, at the rectory, Winchester street.

Miss Sullivan goes next week to the West coast. Miss Kathleen and Miss Norah Sullivan will go at the same time to their brother, Mr. Alan Sullivan, at Rat Portage.

On Thursday week, June 24, Mrs. Goldwin Smith will be at home at the Grange at half-past four.

Mr. and Mrs. Moberly of Collingwood, Judge and Mrs. Ardagh, and Senator and Mrs. Gowan of Barrie were in town for the Prince-O'Brien wedding.

Two weddings next week will interest most of society people in Toronto. Miss Constance Temple and Mr. Atkinson will be married on Tuesday, and Miss Mulock and Mr. McDowall Thomson on Wednesday at St. James'. By the way, should these wedding days turn out as wretchedly dark and gloomy as did last Monday, it would be eminently kind of the authorities to permit the lights to be turned on while the guests await the bride's coming. It's enough to give the brightest person the blues to sit for a quarter of an hour in a grisly, damp, gray atmosphere.

A delightful little veranda tea was given at the Hunt Club on Saturday by Mrs. Downey, to a small circle of friends, among whom were: His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick, Captain and Miss Kirkpatrick, Miss Homer Dixon, Colonel and Mrs. John I. Davidson, Mrs. Hugh Macdonald and Miss Bessie Macdonald, Mr. Sidney Small, Mrs. John Cawthra, Mrs. Beardmore and Mr. Alfred Beardmore. His Honor quite enjoyed the drive and the fresh air on the cliffs, and everyone was delighted to see him looking so well.

Miss Joanna E. Wood of Queenston, Ont., one of the most beautiful and accomplished of Canadian literary women, has gone to London to attend the Jubilee proceedings. Miss Wood's best known work is *The Untempered Wind*, which takes high rank in literature. Miss Wood recently won the second prize of \$500 in the *Black Cat* story competition, her story being entitled *The Heart of God*.

I have been told of a rumored engagement between a lady *tres connue* in literary and social circles and a prominent Anglican church dignitary.

Mrs. N. Wade of London, eldest daughter of Mr. George Waller of Dowling avenue, Parkdale, sailed on Saturday last by the S. S. Vancouver for a three months' sojourn in England.

Mr. and Mrs. Winstanley have gone out to Balm Beach for the summer. Mr. and Mrs. Barnett, Mr. and Mrs. Revell, Mr. and Mrs. Colin Gordon, and several other Torontonians are also summering in this locality.

A very pretty June wedding took place on Tuesday, June 1, at Cedarcliff, Brooklyn, the residence of Mr. R. Moore, when his daughter, Helena M., was married to Mr. Frank E. Howard, M.D., of Lackawaxen, Pa., the officiating clergyman being Rev. E. E. Howard, father of the groom. The bride was very becomingly gowned in white brocaded satin with chiffon trimmings and pearl ornaments, wearing the customary veil and orange blossoms and carrying a bouquet of white roses. The bridesmaid was her younger sister, Miss Edna, dressed in pink silk, with a bouquet of pink roses. The groom was ably supported by his brother, Rev.

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F. H. Howard, The groom's gift to the bride was a beautiful pearl and diamond pin, and to the bridesmaid an opal. The bride is very well and favorably known in social and musical circles in this city, being a gold-medalist of Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby, an honor graduate of Toronto Conservatory of Music, and for some time past organist of St. Enoch's church, with which choir and congregation she was an especial favorite. The groom is a former graduate of Trinity Medical College of this city.

The beautiful home of Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Owen of Campbellford, Ont., was on Wednesday last the scene of one of the prettiest weddings which has ever taken place in the town, when their eldest daughter Matie, one of Campbellford's most popular young ladies, was

united in marriage to Mr. Fred J. Smith. The spacious and elegant drawing-rooms were beautifully decorated with roses and lilies-of-the-valley, immediately behind the bridal party being a bank of flowers, while above them hung a bell of white lilies and lilies-of-the-valley. The bride's gown was of ivory white duchess satin, with trimmings of pearl and chiffon, while the bridesmaid, Miss Edith McKee of Peterboro', wore a costume of linen muslin over pink silk. Both carried magnificent bunches of roses, the gift of the groom. To Mr. T. E. Bell, cashier of the Standard Bank, fell the honor of being "best man." Rev. J. Hay of Cobourg performed the ceremony in the presence of about forty guests. The presents were numerous and beautiful, among them being a Gerhard Heintzman piano from the father of the bride, and a silver tea service from the groom. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Miss Porte, Miss and Miss Nellie McKee of Peterboro', Mr. and Miss Haynes, Mr. and Miss Carnahan, Mr. and Mrs. Hay of Cobourg, Mr. and Miss Bell, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Cumming, Miss Franc Lawrence, Mr. G. A. Benor, Mr. D. J. Lynch, Mr. and Mrs. H. Free, Mr. F. J. Golden and Dr. T. W. Carlaw. The costumes worn by the guests were marvels of taste and dressmaker's skill. Miss Haynes wore a dainty gown of white Swiss muslin over pink silk. Miss Carnahan had on a stylish dress of organdie over lemon-yellow silk. Miss Bell wore a pretty costume of green muslin with trimmings of ribbon and lace. Miss Helena Mallory was dressed in mauve silk, with bodice of white chiffon. Miss Franc Lawrence, white muslin, with heliotrope ribbon and Valenciennes trimmings over skirt of white silk; Miss Porte, a gown of cream and mauve trimmed with lace and silk; Miss McKenna, a pretty dress of pink lapet muslin. Mr. and Mrs. Smith left by C. P. R. for Montreal and Quebec, and on their return to Campbellford will take up their residence in a cosy home on Frank street.

Lady Meredith is still *hors de combat* on account of her bicycle accident, and finds the confinement all the more trying now that fine summer weather is here. Many persons are enquiring when they shall welcome back this ever popular and charming woman to social circles.

Mrs. Thomas Hodgins is enjoying her London visit, and her health is happily all that could be wished. The seven young ladies who happened to be on the same vessel in which Mrs. Hodgins crossed, had a record-breaking jolly time going over. They all declare such fun was never before enjoyed, and the merry party, the "seven sensible sirens," were the life of the ship.

An array of bicycles stacked against a modish mansion means a bicycle tea going on within. Apropos of this, a very necessary adjunct of such hospitality is a portable bicycle rack, which "Jeames" can set out in due time, and in which the wheels can stand, instead of falling over one another or being rasped against wall or fence. I heard one little sparrow telling another that it was already understood that the proper caper this summer is to wheel regularly for five o'clock tea to one or other house where the family are sensible enough to stay in Toronto when Toronto is at its very best. There are good hostesses in all directions who are letting it be understood that on their "day" cyclists will be expected to drop in for tea and gossip. Besides being pleasant, this will especially appeal to Torontonians as being "so English, you know!"

Lady Thompson, with the Misses Thompson, returned from Ottawa to Derwent Lodge last week.

Miss Petley returned last week from New York, after making very successful arrangements with Augustin Daly for the coming operatic season. She will return to New York in August.

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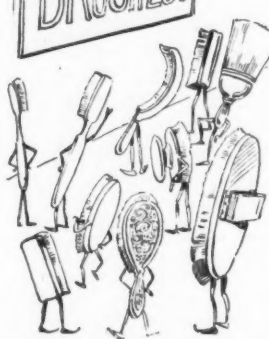
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## The Lion and the Mice

A FENIAN ATTEMPT TO RAZE TORONTO.

THE ways of the eccentric miscreants generically called Fenians, which are chiefly evil ways, are hidden from the People because newspaper reporters are not admitted to their conclaves. But there are always spies at their council-boards, and their many schemes that fail are quite as well known to the British Government as their few that succeed are known to the People the next morning after the murders or dynamitings occur.

It is well known that these men do not ever lack money; that they are always in touch with a treasury that it is hardly possible to drain—the pockets of their Irish-American sympathizers.

It is also well known that there are men of the clan who would fain do many things, desperate men who would torpedo English warships in harbor and scuttle Cunarders in mid-ocean. But there are other men who prevent these and worse things from being attempted; cost-counting men who are drags upon the wheel of devility.

But there are occasions when these calmer spirits are coerced by their fear of a schism which would greatly injure the Cause, into giving their approval to projects desperate enough and also expensive. But these schemes are always frustrated, and it is seldom indeed that as much as a five-line paragraph about them gets into the newspapers. Neither the foiled conspirators nor the mysterious Forces that quietly upraise insurmountable obstacles in their way desire that their doings be discussed in street cars and clubs and about dinner tables, and both having a certain amount of influence with the press, they win their mutual object.

But, by ways and means which I may not set down here, it was lately my good fortune to obtain details of a most daring and costly project hatched by the Irish-American Order of Death and Destruction, a Fenian society of Chicago, and it came within an ace of being completely successful.

It was the Bat, torpedo boat, destroyer, and one hundred and sixty feet was every foot of her length over all, and her breadth of beam at the water-line was but fourteen feet. She displaced only 260 tons of water, but her horse-power was four thousand, and she could steam thirty knots without forced draught. And she lay by Montreal, under the guns of the mighty Cochrane, the flagship of the N. A. squadron, and her officers, like the other officers of the fleet, were enjoying themselves greatly ashore. Loud scarlet war was a possibility that they hardly dreamed of, though they desired it above all things else.

At a very late hour on a moonlit Sunday night in the last week of August, there came a tiny steam-cutter from the shore to the big Cochrane, and a Man wearing white duck clothes and a large air of authority stepped over her gunwale upon the line-o'-battle ship's gangway, which was like unto the stairs in a great house for breadth and stability. He ran up, pulling a long, gray envelope, and he waved in the sentry's face, from an inside pocket, and went straight to the Admiral's cabin.

And there, calling for certain cooling drinks in long tumblers, the Admiral and the Man held conference in voices keyed down to the lowest undertone. And later, very soon after the Man had gone, the Admiral's gig carried the Admiral to the side of the Bat, three strokes of the oars sufficing to drive her across the narrow stretch of moonlit water which lay between the two vessels. And the Admiral went aboard alone, and was received by the commander of the Bat, Navigating Lieutenant Lucas Pentmere-Wooley, who was naturally agast at his visiting the destroyer at that hour. But the Admiral smiled kindly and said, "Good night, my lad," which reassured the boy.

And, at the Admiral's suggestion, they clomb to the little forward bridge, where they would not be overheard by the watch, and there the old gray man, leaning against the breech of the big quick-firer, talked to the boy, and as he talked the boy's eyes opened wider and wider and grew brighter and brighter.

And after the Admiral had returned to his boat and said, "Give way, men," in his silvery voice, and the long varnished oars that caught the moonlight and glittered had struck the water all together with a soft crash, Wooley spun whirling-wise on one heel and dashed madly down the companion-way to the little ward-room, wherein his officers sat smoking. He was greatly excited, which was not in the least strange, for he had received personal orders to proceed through the canals to Lake Ontario, and there to cruise about off Toronto watching sharply for a particular steamer of which the Admiral had given him photographs and a minute description. And if she appeared he was to sink her with his four-inch quick-firer, and return as quickly as possible. He was to start in a couple of hours.

When he burst into the ward-room with flaming eyes, Magivern, his chief engineer, was strumming lazily upon the banjo, and the others were smoking in silence. They all noted his excited air and the fire that burned in his eyes, and simultaneously sat erect. The chief engineer stopped strumming.

"What's up?" he asked quickly. He let the banjo slip through his fingers and its head struck the steel floor and clanged.

"Particular service. Leave in two hours," cried Wooley.

They severally gave starts of surprise.

"The deuce! Where?" they cried in chorus.

And when Wooley told them, there was instant pandemonium and varied manifestations of lively joy. Fifteen minutes later they dispersed; the chief engineer went to arouse his second and third, who were both in their berths; Wooley went to his chart-room to study the charts of Lake Ontario the Admiral had given him, and the others went on deck to give many orders.

It was the Bat that, between the hours of one and five of the morning, slipped up through

the canals, showing no lights. The lockmen had received certain orders and waited for the destroyer with their hands on their gear. And it was her good fortune that a cloud screened the moon, for the Bat's excursion into the lake was a thing for which explicable reasons could hardly have been given without telling too much about her mission. And if she had been seen and recognized the newspapers would have asked many questions next morning, for it is well known that torpedo boat-destroyers are not employed to convey picnic parties. But it chanced that she passed up unobserved of any, save the lockmen, who wondered greatly what the low black craft with the long slim guns meant to do in the lake, and how long the canals would last if many vessels of her draught were allowed to go sweeping from lock to lock at the speed of an express train. Ships that sit deep and run at fifteen knots, cast seas to port and starboard that are not good for canal banks.

In the misty dawn the Bat passed out into the Lake of the Thousand Islands, and Wooley, wrapped to the chin in a great sea-coat (for the morning air was chill), took the wheel and rang to Magivern for full speed, which was thirty knots or more. And Magivern and his second, yelling to the stoke-holds as they had never yelled since they had taken the Bat from the Tyne to Chatham in eleven hours, jerked at their gear. And the Bat jumped ahead like a living thing, and the big, wall-like bow-waves seethed aft along her free-boards. Astern the water boiled in foam from the lashing screws, and whirled and spun away behind her. And the black smoke from her three stumpy funnels swirled to starboard like the smoke from the funnel of an express locomotive.

If any lake skipper had chanced to get his binoculars on her that morning, as she swept up the lake, he would have had an amazing yarn to tell the skippers and chief engineers of his acquaintance over their grog when next he made Buffalo, or Toronto, or Kingston. But they would not have believed him.

It was the steam-barge, John MacKim, a lumbering big beast of a lake-freighter, under-engineered, bluff-bowed, and built to carry an elevatorful of wheat from Chicago to Buffalo. But she was in water-ballast now, and she was armed with twenty-five-pound quick-firing rifles that threw twenty-five-pound shells, fifteen of them in a minute. And there were men on board who knew how to handle these guns, men who had been carefully trained in American warships. And if she had not been "arranged for" she would have laid waste the fair city of Toronto before the dawn, and gotten clear away before anything material could have been done by the Canadian authorities.

She cleared from Port Dalhousie at seven o'clock of the evening, and ran across the lake at her full speed, which was only six knots. The night was fine and windless. There was hardly a ripple upon the lake. And when the moon rose, full and white, out of the star-reflecting water, she was within a couple of knots of the eastern gap, through which her skipper meant to enter Toronto harbor. She had cleared for action; the gun-crews were grouped behind the guns.

A mile or so astern of her loitered the Bat, her lights screened. And the many men on the bridge of the MacKim watched the destroyer through night-glasses, and regarded her with suspicion. The skipper of the Fenian cruiser had once run a passenger boat out of Toronto and he swore that there was no such yacht in Lake Ontario. Yachts, he declared, between gusts of oaths, did not have three funnels, one midships and the others forward, and one 40 foot mast with a 15 foot spar crossing it. But the five members of the Irish-American Order of Death and Destruction explained that the steamer astern must be a yacht because she couldn't be anything else. (They had come with the MacKim to see that "the job," as they called it, was done in a business-like manner.) "If she isn't a yacht," they asked in chorus, "what is she?"

The second officer, who was at the wheel, leaned over it, with his chin resting on the tip of a spoke, and answered them through the open wheel-house windows. He was a superannuated salt-water sailor, and had seen things. "Just before I took this wheel," he said quietly, "I had a squint at that craft. I recognized her at once, for I've seen one just like her. Perhaps she's the same one I saw at Chatham, in England, you know. They build them so much alike."

"See here, gentlemen,"—he raised his voice—"I never liked this cruise a bit; I thought they'd be on to us and be prepared to give us a warm reception. But I didn't think we'd have to fight a boat like that. I thought it would be some kind of an armed freighter, like the MacKim, they'd send out to meet us."

"We're well armed, but not as heavily as that boat. And we're slow and clumsy. We'd never hit that craft, not having a search-light. And she'll sink us dead easy with a couple of shots."

"She's a torpedo boat-destroyer, and she'll carry a four-inch rifle forward. They always do. They are the fastest vessels floating. The one I saw, the mate of her, was steaming full thirty knots."

"How do you think she got here?" said a voice that quavered.

"God knows. The ways of those Britishers are past finding out."

The MacKim was within half a knot of the channel when Wooley flashed his search-light—the line-o'-battle ship search-light he was so proud of—upon her. At the same moment Stalbridge, the acting second lieutenant, who held the Bat's wheel, rang for full speed and spat on his hands. The Bat jumped ahead and Stalbridge jerked her around. She circled widely, flying like a train. The guns of the Fenian opened upon her, but it is impossible to hit a vessel moving in a circle at thirty knots an hour, even with quick-firers. You may discharge the gun, taking hit-or-miss aim, but the shot will never find her. The Bat's officers

grinned as the heavy shells took the water a hundred feet astern, and the white-jacketed seamen behind the gun-shields laughed uproariously.

Half-way around the circle Wooley took his cigarette from his lips and said, "Now," to the captain of the four-inch rifle, who sat behind the gun with his hand on the gear. Instantly the gun crashed sharply. Wooley held the search-light steady; there was a clanking of gear and the clang of a brass cartridge shell on the steel floor of the bridge. Then the gun crashed again.

"Hit," said Wooley, with his night-glasses at his eyes. "Put her over, Stalbridge."

Stalbridge spun the wheel and the Bat swung as quickly as if she were set on a pivot, and darted down the lake.

Stalbridge, leaning on the wheel, lit his pipe. Wooley stared through his glasses at the stricken Fenian.

"Gad!" said he. "They'll just have time to get their boats over. She's down by the stern now and settling rapidly. I wonder if her boats will carry all the poor devils."

The second lieutenant left the wheel, dived below and returned in a moment with his own glasses.

"They haven't far to pull," he said, gazing intently. "They can pile in. If they don't hurry they'll have to cut the falls."

"They are all away," said Wooley five minutes afterward, to the crew grouped below him.

"Not a minute too soon, either," said Stalbridge; "she's going."

As he spoke, the John MacKim went down with her stern in the air. Her engineers had not stopped her machinery; her clumsy twelve-foot screw was racing madly.

"How much water is there over there?" asked Stalbridge.

"Not more than fifteen," replied Wooley.

Toronto lay quietly sleeping under the moon, which laid a whitewash of soft luminescence over her and over all our western world. And from the city went up a great silvery flare from her thousand electric lights; many riding-lamps winked from the harbor, and the Island Light flung long ribbons of yellow brightness intermittently over the moonlit water.

Of the terrible danger which menaced it on that charming summer night the city never knew, but the men who tend the Island Light shrewdly guessed. They saw the flashes and heard the crackle of the guns, but never said as much as one word about the matter. And the people in the city who were awake by chance or necessity and heard the firing, merely said: "What singular thunder!"

And if any person or persons beside the close-mouthed lockmen saw the Bat between Montreal harbor and the neighborhood of Toronto Island, he or they did not trouble themselves to report the presence of a ship of the Royal Navy in waters which are barred to her and her kind by sacred treaty.

So the whole affair—of course the Irish-American Order of Death and Destruction was silent; it had good reasons to be—has remained secret until this day.

Toronto, June 1. MARSTYN POGUE.

### A Thank Offering.

A Clergyman Writes on Behalf of Grateful People.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Restored Their Health and They Wish Other Sufferers to Know It—A Letter that Will Bring Hope to Many—No Other Medicine Gets Such Voluntary Praise.

The following letter, written by Rev. William Lawson, Methodist minister at Richibucto, N.B., attests in the strongest manner the merits of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and a personal of it will suggest why this great medicine is so popular in thousands of homes throughout the Dominion—it cures when other medicines fail.

RICHIBUCTO, N.B., April 26, 1897.

Dr. Williams' Medicine Company:

DEAR SIRS,—I am glad to furnish you the following voluntarily given testimonial, with the fullest permission to give the names and place. They do this as a thank-offering to God and your medicine. Mrs. William Warman of Molus River (near here) says her son Alden was sickly from birth. He could hardly ever retain food, and his parents had but little hopes that he would live long and the doctors who attended him were of the same opinion. Till seven years of age he continued in that condition. Then the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills was begun, and under them he recovered and is now a strong healthy boy. Mr. Warman, the boy's father, also adds his testimonial to the great value of Pink Pills, saying: "I suffered for years with a bad back, until I used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and they cured me." Miss Annie Warman adds this evidence with enthusiasm and freedom. "I was weak and sickly, and did not know the blessing of good health till I took Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I used eight boxes and have since enjoyed the best of health. In fact I am never sick now."

Here you have three members of a family restored to health by the use of your medicine, and you would almost covet their good health and genial ways largely resulting from such health. They wish you to freely use these facts to help other sufferers, and I am able as their pastor to certify to the facts above stated.

Sincerely yours,

WM. LAWSON,  
Methodist Minister.

### Geographical Mems.

Pick-Me-Up gives a few geographical mems. in its latest issue, from which we quote three, which are very untrue of course, yet not altogether pointless:

Paris, an American colony in France, is noted for its plaster and its Grand Prix. The Grand Prix is the oldest of the classic races, the first entries being Venus, Minerva, and Juno, and the reward a golden apple. Venus home an easy winner, and has remained first favorite with Paris ever since. The chief amusements are dancing, singing, revolutions, and other light recreations of a similar nature. Good Americans go to Paris when they die, and wicked ones go while they are living.

Rome, the capital of the modern kingdom of Italy, was anciently the "Mistress of the World"; but, like other notable mistresses

## "Truth and Honesty

Like precious stones, are perhaps most easily imitated at a distance."—Nicholas Nickleby

Therefore look closely to see that a spurious imitation is not being foisted upon you in place of

## "Salada"

CEYLON TEA

Sealed Lead Packets Only. All Grocers 25, 30, 40, 50 and 60c. per pound.

who have figured prominently in history, she got the sack. The ancient Romans came to England to plunder the Britons; but now the tourist Britons go to Rome to be plundered by the modern Romans.

Scotland, once a kingdom, is composed of a handful of mountains, lochs, islands, and a few stanzas of Auld Lang Syne, situated north of England. A Scotchman never goes back to his country. This has led to the propagation of the truism, "One man may lead a Scotchman into England, but forty cannot kick him out again." The chief products of Scotland are whisky and golf; principal religion, whisky and golf; and favorite amusements, whisky and golf. The Scot has ever been of a roaming disposition. He is practically ubiquitous. You meet him everywhere. I have even occasionally found one or two of him in a Highland regiment.

### The Police Force of a Great Railroad.

A Policeman Every Half Mile.

"Did you know that the New York Central had the finest police force of any railroad in the United States?" This remark was made by a gentleman to his companion who sat in the seat immediately in front of me on a recent trip from Albany to Buffalo on the Empire State Express. The person to whom the question was addressed replied, "No, I do not know it and don't think I understand to what you refer."

We were all seated in the last car. The gentleman who had asked the question said to his companion, "Step with me to the rear of the train and I will show you." Being also interested, I followed the party. Just then the train went into a sort of bridge-like arrangement and, as we passed under it, an arm was seen to fly up at right angles from a post on top of the bridge. The questioner, pointing to this arm, said: "There is one of the policemen to which I refer. You will find this police force stationed at short intervals all the way from New York to Buffalo, and to them is entrusted the safety of the train. When yonder policeman, as we will call him, raises his arm, it, in effect, says to all trains behind, 'Stand back; you cannot pass here, as I am guarding a train that has just passed by.'"

When the train that has passed has gone the proper distance for safety, the arm drops and then the way is clear. No engineer dares to defy this signal, and, as long as the arm is out straight, all trains are held back. This system is called the Union of the Lock and Block System, and is operated from a tower, the operator in which, by pulling the proper levers, not only signals the train, but locks all switches within its immediate jurisdiction, so that there can be no possible misplacement of the switch. This system," continued the gentleman, "is, I believe, used in its entirety only on the New York Central, and this is one of the reasons why I actually come out of my way to travel on this road."

In this connection the New York Central publishes an illustrated booklet of sixty-four pages, entitled Block Signals on America's Greatest Railroad. On receipt of four cents in stamps, one will be sent to any address. Letters should be directed to George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent, Grand Central Station, New York City.—*Boot and Shoe Recorder.*

### The Prince Didn't Feel Hurt.

When the Prince of Wales visited Canada thirty-seven years ago, he was taken up the Ottawa River, and at the Chats an address was presented on behalf of the 20,000 lumberers and raftsmen of the Ottawa Valley. It concluded with the words: "Long may you remain the Prince of Wales." And this was no slip of the pen. "When we put in the address 'Long may you remain the Prince of Wales,' we meant it," said the chief lumberman. "We were perfectly satisfied with the Queen, and wanted her to remain on the throne as long as she could." The other day, in view of the Queen's Jubilee, this chief lumberman, Mr. Alan Mason, wrote to the Prince reminding him of the incident, and received this reply:

His Royal Highness perfectly remembers the incident which you refer. His Royal Highness greatly appreciates and thanks you for your kind and loyal sentiments, and he will not fail to make them known to the Queen.

### Our 5 Cent Victor

is the most popular cigar in the city at the price. Equally good value in the higher priced brands whether domestic or imported direct from Havana. Muller's, nine King street west.

### Fun on the Premier.

Pick-Me-Up.

Although the Greeks are good at brag, Their actions do not tally; They will not rally round their flag, But flag around their Ralli.

### Is Canada in America?

Harper's Weekly.

If it is true that Ambassador Hay stamps "American Embassy" on his ambassadorial paper he has stretched his tether a little, and critics who criticise him have accuracy on their side. Of course he is not, exactly speaking, the American ambassador, but the ambassador of the United States. It is surprising, however, how in common use and by general consent the people of the United States have come into the

enjoyment of a monopoly of the word "American." Of course the Canadians and Mexicans and South Americans are as much Americans as the citizens of this republic, but by usage in Europe "an American" means a citizen of the United States. Mr. Hay is universally known in London as "the American ambassador," but it is too soon yet for him to make official use of that title.

### On to the Kootenai.

The call of 1897 is "On to the Kootenai," the wonderfully rich mining country of Montana, Idaho and British Columbia, where so many mines of gold, silver, copper, lead, iron, &c., have been discovered during the last summer or two and new towns and industries established. The town of Rossland grew from 200 to 6,000 in twenty months. Maps and descriptive matter of the entire territory sent free by H. G. McMicken, Gen. Agent, No. 2 King street east, Toronto.

### Tooth Saving

is a practice that too many people wish they had begun earlier. There should be more tooth preserving. To insure this more care in selecting a...

### Tooth Cleanser

is most necessary. All knowledge, experience and practice in the art of preserving teeth is combined in...

### Ivoire Tooth Wash

An elegant antiseptic to cleanse, beautify and perfume the teeth and mouth, put up in large bottles.

### At All Drug Stores

ONLY 25C.

Your cough, like a dog's bark, is a sign that there is something foreign around which shouldn't be there. You can quiet the noise, but the danger may be there just the same. Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil is not a cough specific; it does not merely allay the symptoms but it does give such strength to the body that it is able to throw off the disease.

You know the old proverb of "the ounce of prevention?" Don't neglect your cough.

Your druggist keeps Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil. Put up in 5c. and \$1.00 sizes.

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We have for sale stock in all the works, mines in the district, viz.: Le Roi, War Eagle, Iron Mask, Josie, Jumbo, St. Elmo, Virginia, Crown Point, Monte Christo, Cariboo, Monarch, MAYFLOWER, &c. Prospectus of the latter and printed information about other mines will be sent on application. The stocks we sell are the BEST in the market, and are only those of developed properties. Address,  
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## QUEER CORNER

HOW HE EARNED HIS FIRST DOLLAR.

Lord Aberdeen was motorman one day recently on an electric car which made a trip from Aylmer to Ottawa with the Government House party. They went out to name the new park the Queen's Park.

ANOTHER CENTENARIAN.

Matthew Greig, aged 103 years, died on May 30 in Albemarle, Bruce County. He was never known to be sick.

THEY'LL KNOW WHEN TO RUN.

The Japanese Government, instead of presenting medals to the soldiers who took part in the war against China, is to give them excellent Swiss watches.

TORONTO HASN'T ONE.

The most extraordinary journal in the world is published weekly at Athens. Its contents are written entirely in verse, even to the advertisements.

A STOLEN GUN.

While taking up an old sidewalk in Newmarket the other day some men happened upon an empty flask and a double-barrelled shot-gun. Mr. Thos. Hunter claimed the gun and said it had been missing for eleven years.

A QUEER STRIKE.

Twenty-five men in a shop at Buffalo went on strike last week because the boss had posted a notice requiring the men to wash their hands and faces before leaving the works at noon and night. The men probably regarded this as an interference with their personal liberty.

A NEW SURGICAL DISCOVERY.

At Berlin a day or two ago Herr Relin of Frankfurt-on-the-Main astonished the members of the Surgical Congress by recounting his experiences in the treatment of wounded hearts. It has always been held that 90 per cent. of such cases must prove fatal, death being caused either by shock or by the flow of blood into the pericardial cavity, whereby the heart's action is gradually brought to a standstill. Hitherto no serious attempts have been made to save the patient's life. Herr Relin, however, conceived the daring idea of applying precisely the same treatment that would be used in the case of an external wound. A man was brought into the hospital dying from a stab in the heart. He laid bare the organ, and succeeded in checking the hemorrhage by means of a suture. The patient made a capital recovery, and was produced before the Congress alive and well.

A HUMAN DISTINCTION.

Man is the only animal that has a real nose or chin. Horses have faces that are all nose, swine have snouts, and elephants trunks; lions have vast smelling-organs, but none of them anything that can be separated from their faces and called a nose. It is even more true of the chin, which is particularly human.

LONGEVITY OF THE SEXES.

More women reach the age of fifty than men, but afterwards the stronger sex has the best of it.

KEEP OFF ITS TOES.

A circus elephant in South Wales lifted a cart, pony and driver with his trunk, hurling them all into a hedge, because the wheel accidentally touched its foot.

BOGS OF IRELAND.

The largest bog in Ireland is the bog of Allen, which stretches across the center of the island, east of the Shannon, and covers nearly a quarter of a million acres. Altogether there are nearly 3,000,000 acres of bog in Ireland—that is to say, about one-seventh of the total area of the country is bog.

A LEMON BATH.

In the West Indies a lemon bath is almost a daily luxury. Three or four lemons, or lemons, are sliced into the water and allowed to lie for half an hour, in order that the juice may be extracted. A remarkable sense of freshness and cleanliness is given to the skin.

MEAT FOR ONE, POISON FOR ANOTHER.

Horses will not touch cruciferous plants, but will feed on reed grasses amidst abundance of which goats have been known to starve; and these latter again will eat and grow fat on water hemlock, which is a rank poison to other cattle. In like manner pigs will feed on henbane, while they are destroyed by common pepper; and the horse, which avoids the bland turnip, will grow fat on rhubarb.

WATER—FIFTY YEARS AGO.

The following remarks from *The Penny Magazine* of 1840 show the spirit in which water as a beverage was held in England fifty years ago: "Owing to the greater degree of the heat of the climate of that country during the summers, the class of Americans that earn their bread by the sweat of the brow consume large quantities of water, and this even in districts where cider has already become tolerably abundant. As for malt liquor, that is not yet sufficiently abundant in any part of the country to be a common beverage. It is, therefore, not only such as are members of temperance and cold-water societies that are in the habit of making water a frequent beverage."

A WISE DOG.

A peculiar case of canine intelligence is reported in the *Oakville Star*. It is stated that a dog belonging to Jas. L. Hewson of that village came home the other evening with a dollar bill in its mouth, which it promptly delivered over to its master. This is surely a good argument against muzzling dogs. Some city man should buy this dog, for so wise an animal, if running freely about the streets of Toronto, might be able to find many things of value, and being fleet of foot could get away with them.

WHAT IS IT?

D. W. Dumble of Peterboro' is credited by the *Examiner* of that town with the capture of some strange monster in Stony Lake ten days ago. The body of the fish is about five feet long, with a tail attached which is fully thirteen feet in length, but very small in circumference, and tapering like an eel's. The mouth is a huge affair, which could conveniently take in the head of a bather, and the eyes and ears are something too horrible to describe. The color of the fish is also beyond description, seeming to have absorbed a tint from every cottage on the lake. It weighs about seventy-five pounds. When captured it was found impossible to get it into the canoe, and so it was

Darwinianism.  
Pick-Me-Up.



"Good gracious! what a remarkable case of evolution."

towed to the island, where it is now chained to a rock, upon which it sits on four short legs grinning an awful defiance to would-be trespassers and flourishing its great tail in the air.

BICYCLES AT CHURCH.

The Fountain street Baptist church, the largest and wealthiest in Grand Rapids, Mich., has decided to erect a bicycle stable at one side of the church entrance, with accommodations for 150 wheels. A boy will be employed Sunday mornings and evenings to watch over the wheels placed there for safe-keeping while the riders are attending service. Riders will be encouraged to attend church, and the safety-deposit shed will be a factor in the encouragement.

Bound to Get It.

Indianapolis Journal.

Pale and proud she stood before him. In fact, she had him in the corner and he could not depart.

"Do I get a '97 wheel?" she asked, and in her tone there was a threat veiled, even as the quinine may be masked by the liquid softness of the rock and rye.

"No," said the wretched man in desperation. "Then," said she, her voice as hard as the inside of a ball-bearing, "I shall see my lawyer to-day. I will buy that wheel out of the alimony."

Mr. Ward's Two Hundred Words.

Some men talk too much and others not quite enough. The latter kind are not numerous, but they exist, and Mr. Henry Ward is one of them.

Mr. Ward is a stationer, and lives at Barton-in-the-Clay, near Amptill, Bedfordshire. On September 19th, 1883, he wrote us a letter of about two hundred words altogether. Ordinarily we should regard that letter as a model, for brevity is not only the soul of wit, but it is also a delightful quality in nearly all verbal communications and writings. Still, we wish Mr. Ward's letter had been four times as long as it is, because the story he has in mind covers a period of twenty years, and two hundred words are hardly more than a guide-board on such a long road as that. He will, of course, accept what we say as a high compliment, for there are very few persons to whom we say, "Would they had talked longer." So we will give you his letter just as he wrote it without a syllable omitted.

"Off and on," he says, "I have suffered for twenty years from a sluggish liver. My eyes were tinged of a yellow color; I had a dull, heavy pain at the side, and a mist seemed to come before my eyes. I had a foul taste in the mouth, and pain and fullness after meals. I suffered agonies from colic; when the bad attacks came on I writhed and groaned with pain, and often thought I should die. In August of last year (1882) I became as yellow as a marigold and suffered excruciating pain in the intestines, with a fearful diarrhoea. For weeks this continued, and I grew very low, weak and anxious, wondering if I ever should get better. At last I began to take Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. The first few doses gave me relief, and after I had used one bottle and a half I was completely cured. Since then, through an occasional dose of the Syrup, I have kept in good health. (Signed) Henry Ward."

Mr. Ward thus gives us a glimpse of an experience of which we are sure the full details would be both interesting and instructive. For, if all men and women who are oppressed and sick crushed with chronic indigestion, dyspepsia, and liver complaint (in England alone) were to move into Bedfordshire, it would crowd that country with the saddest lot of people you ever laid eyes on. And not one of them but would be glad to read what a fellow victim had to say. Nevertheless, those who will see this article in the papers, and find out what cured him, which is the very nub of the case after all.

In fact, one has already heard of it through Mr. Ward himself—personally. It is a lady, living at Sharpenhoe, near Luton, Bedfordshire. She says that the early signs of her complaint appeared in the spring of 1886. Her symptoms in many respects resembled those named by Mr. Ward. She was frequently sick, and would strain and vomit for as much as twelve hours at a time. "I had great pain across the stomach," she adds, "and what seemed like a lump would rise into my throat, causing me such agony that the perspiration ran from my face in streams. I got so nervous and frightened that even a knock at the door would startle me. I got little or no sleep of nights, and grew so weak that I could barely get about. The doctor gave me medicines, and recommended mustard plasters, but they did not help me. One day Mr. Ward, the stationer of Barton, called at our house and told me what Mother Seigel's Syrup had done for him, and urged me to try it. I acted on his advice, and after I had used the Syrup a short time, all pain left me; I could eat, and my food gave me strength. By taking a dose once in a while, I have kept well ever since. (Signed) (Mrs.) Kate Smith."

Now, please mark this. Liver complaint, loss of appetite, sick stomach, constipation, rheumatic pains, nervous prostration, &c., are all one thing, and that one thing is indigestion and dyspepsia. Cure that and you cure them. And what cures that the writers of the above letters have told us.

Why will people go on suffering year after year when it is easier to be well than to be ill? Yes, and cheaper too, a thousand times cheaper.

"No Fish."

Fine as are the salmon of Newfoundland, they are without honor in their own country, as the following incident from Dr. S. T. Davis's Caribou-Shooting in Newfoundland will show:

Our way into the interior was over a lovely pond. We had made an early start, and left the foot of the pond just as day was breaking. We had not proceeded far when the writer thought he could occasionally see the water break with a splash in close proximity to the canoe. Seated as he was in the bow, he turned to the native who was handling the paddle in the stern, and enquired whether there were any fish in the pond.

"Fish? No, sir; no fish, sir."

Presently, when about half-way up the pond, and just as the sun was peeping over the eastern horizon, he saw, not six feet from the bow of the canoe, a magnificent salmon rise to the surface, and with a swish of his tail, disappear. Again the writer turned to his friend with the remark, "Daddy, did I understand you to say that there were no fish in this pond?"

"No fish, sir; no fish."

"Yes, but—I beg your pardon—I a moment ago saw what I took to be a twelve or fifteen-pound salmon break the water not six feet from the bow of the canoe."

"Oh, that was a salmon. There are plenty of trout and salmon in all these waters, but no fish, sir. Nothing counts as fish in these parts but codfish, sir."

As Rudyard Would Say.

St. Paul Dispatch.

A nation spoke to a nation.  
A Greek sent word to a throne;  
"I'm neither boss of the Sultan's house  
Nor master of my own;  
The gates were mine to open  
But they are not mine to close;  
For the Turk is in my garden."  
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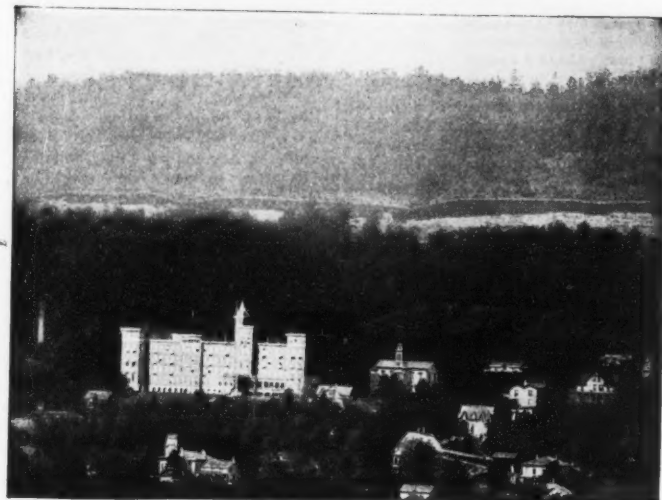
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"Ay, he'll niver gie ye a bit o' naething."  
"A'll watch him again. A'll seen be gettin' a penny fae my father."  
"A'm gettin' a penny on Setturday."  
"Fa fae?"  
"Fa fae o' Geordie."  
"Ha! Ha!"  
"O, bit a' a'!"  
"Fat for daein'?"  
"Never ye ound fat for daein'."  
"O, a kent ye wisna gettin' it."  
"Bit a am sot gettin' it. Surely A ken better gin you."  
"It's a' lees, it's a' lees, it's a' lees. Haud yer tongue."  
"No, A'll nae haud my tongue. Fat div ye?"  
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## Some Gossip from Europe.

**I** ABOUT HERE has of late rather disappointed his friends—not in the Jameson business alone, but in regard to the Jubilee. It was expected that he would have great fun with the event. It now appears that he was husbanding his resources until everything got well under way, for in a recent issue of *Truth* he parodies the National Anthem. He says nearly everyone, unable to recall the words, substitutes sentiments of his own. He describes the "Colonial magnate" as carolling:

Oh, may this Jubilee  
Make me a C.M.G.—  
God save the Queen!  
Things look extremely bright,  
Joseph is most polite,  
I may go back a Knight—  
God save the Queen!

In the same way he supplies words for the Anthem as sung by new millionaires, tuff-hunters, ambitious noblemen, and those who have seats to sell along the line of procession. Here are the words for the New Millionaire:

Oh, let this record year  
Crown my most odd career—  
God save the Queen!  
Let sham philanthropy  
Gild now my apogee  
(All on the strict q.t.)—  
God save the Queen.

Sir John Lubbock, banker, scientist, essayist, member of Parliament, and possessor of no end of honorable degrees and titles, is a profoundly religious man and devotes one day in the week to work for his fellow-creatures. There is scarcely a Sunday afternoon or evening when he cannot be found lecturing to the poorer classes in London. He will probably be in Toronto, in August, with the British Association for the Advancement of Science.

The Dowager Lady Churchill has been in the department of the mistress of the robes since 1854 as lady of the bed-chamber to the Queen. It is said that she knows more of the private life of the Queen than any other woman living.

The papers are full of news about the Jubilee procession. James Payn in the *London News* says: As for the struggles to get good places to view the procession from friends who live on the line of march, they are too painful to be written about. They remind one of similar efforts made in Horace Walpole's time to get seats for the Coronation of George III. He had a petition sent him from "two orphans." He began to feel for his purse. It was not charity, however, as it turned out, that they wanted, but only seats for the Coronation. He compares the prices paid for a sight of the procession with those demanded in the previous reign, and speaks of the high-water mark to which extravagance had risen. What would he say now, one wonders!

At the Coronation of George II. his mother gave forty guineas for a dining-room, scaffold, and bed-chamber. An exactly parallel apartment, only with a worse view, was this time set at three hundred and fifty guineas—a tolerable rise in thirty-three years! The platform from St. Margaret's Roundhouse to the church door, which formerly let for forty pounds, went this time for two thousand four hundred pounds! Still more was given for the inside of the Abbey. The prebends would like a Coronation every year. The King paid nine thousand pounds for the hire of jewels; indeed, last time it cost my father fourteen hundred to bejewel my Lady Orford. A single shop now sold six hundred pounds sterling worth of nails—but nails are risen; so is everything, and everything adulterated. If we conquer Spain, as we have done France, I expect to be poisoned.

What an admirable special home correspondent Horace would have made in these days! The question of precedence is said to be much disturbing the minds of our officials. Let us hope they will be better informed about the eminent persons they have to "place" than the heralds were during the previous "longest reign." Walpole says they were so ignorant of their business, though they had nothing to do but to register lords and ladies, that they had to advertise in the newspapers for the Christian names of the peeresses. Lord Effingham, the Earl Marshal, apologized to the King for this neglect, but assured him, to his intense amusement, that the next Coronation should have no mistakes.

B. T., writing in the *London Sketch*, tells of a conversation with a lady who had a very poor opinion of Canada: "And can you really get things to eat, and places to sleep in, and—and—and all that sort of thing, in Canada?" she said. Only after due deliberation did she condescend to believe that civilized folk are sometimes to be found in the Dominion if visitors to that wild region will but search carefully, and that there are not only "things to eat" in Canada as well as "places to sleep in, and—and—and all that sort of thing," to be come across occasionally, but also clubs—think of it!—well-organized and excellently appointed clubs of many kinds. The Hunt Club of Toronto was mentioned. The lady raised her eyebrows. She herself is fond of sport—also of gambling. "And do you mean to say," she exclaimed incredulously, yet ecstatically, "that there is a sporting club in Toronto, right away in that wild land, as there is here in London, in Covent Garden, for instance?"



## SPORT

**Q** UITE an old-time crowd witnessed the opening game of the "Big Four" league at Rosedale last Saturday. The weather was most favorable for lacrosse, there being no sun and but little wind.

Although so early in the season, the game was in many respects one of the best exhibitions given in this city for years, both teams being in very fair condition, Cornwall perhaps having a slight advantage in this respect. The game was keenly contested throughout, and though the checking was of the close variety, there was no apparent roughness displayed, the men on both teams, with one exception, putting up a most gentlemanly game from start to finish. Cornwall scored the first goal in 4 minutes, then the score alternated each way until Toronto scored the 8th game, making it 4 all. The last game was by far the most exciting of the match, it being one continuous attack on the part of the Toronto home on the Cornwall defence, who, however, withstood all attempts to score; finally, the ball went up the field again and Toben succeeded in putting it past Allan after 2½ minutes' actual play. The Toronto home did not show off to full advantage, Nolan missing several opportunities to score in the last game; this, however, is to be accounted for by the fact that Cornwall has probably the strongest defence field in Canada. Nolan and Butler were hardly a match for their veteran checks, Riviere and L. White; otherwise Toronto would have won the game. Burns did not play as consistently as usual, though he figured in many brilliant pieces of combination. Moran played splendidly, his catching and passing being all that could be desired; Gale also did some wonderful work. Guthrie did well in the first half, but became somewhat erratic towards the close. The Cornwall team were surprised not to see Courtenay Kingston on the team, one of the men remarking to me that they considered him about the best man we had. Griffith at point and Allan in goal could not very well be improved upon, and Wheeler surprised everyone by the form he displayed. Murray and Moore were in capital shape and their acquisition has greatly strengthened the defence. The Cornwall team had to adopt defence tactics all the way through and their work in this respect was magnificent. Turner was the star of the home, whilst Crites and L. White put up a grand game in the defence and their brilliant work elicited frequent rounds of applause from the spectators. The Toronto team as it now stands is all right, being fully equal as regards individual players to any team in the league. I trust the management will not be guilty of the folly which has lost us so many games in former years, viz., laying off men who have not done as well as expected and trying new players every game. All the team now requires to put it into championship form is continuous practice together, so as to evolve a little more combination and promote confidence among the men. The committee deserve credit for the way in which the souvenir Jubilee scorecards were gotten up.

The *Star* published a rumor on Tuesday to the effect that owing to their work in the game against Cornwall on Saturday, four of the Torontos would be laid off and replaced by others in to-day's game against the Shamrocks in Montreal. This means that the same stupid policy that has kept Toronto at the heel of the hunt for half-a-dozen years is to be persisted in. Last year the same twelve men were, perhaps, never played in two successive games, and men were seldom played in the same positions in two successive games. This policy would disorganize the Capitals in one season. It would destroy any club. If four men are given their walking tickets as a result of the game against Cornwall—which was lost to Toronto simply because the Toronto players were a little bit unacquainted with each other—there will be aroused the same distrust that ate the heart out of the team last year and the year before. Of course the rumor may prove untrue. Naturally room will be made for such a superior player as Patterson, and perhaps another change could be defended by the statement that the team itself complains of a weak spot, and asks that it be strengthened; but my claim is that the actual players and the field captain should decide what changes are necessary, and I do not believe that the actual players would advocate the throwing over of four men and the substitution of four others on the eve of departure for Montreal. By the middle of June the team should be fixed for the whole season, and not a change should thereafter be made unless in case of accident or death. I have had several private messages from lacrosse players in Toronto and outside, saying that my view is the right one and that in no other way can a winning team be built up.

The feature of last week's cricket was the excellent work of the Bishop Ridley College team, which defeated Trinity College School by an innings and 16 runs, and Rosedale by 100 runs to 30. In the first mentioned game, MacKenzie made 69 runs for Ridley, which is capital scoring for a lad. For T. C. S., McConkey made 27 and Baldwin, Turner and Piercey reached double figures. Against Rosedale, MacKenzie made 42 runs, which makes a total of 111 compiled by him for twice at bat. If this young man keeps on he will have a most excellent average at the end of the season. Parkdale defeated Toronto Junction by 50 runs to 45 last Saturday. A. G. Chambers made 36 not out for Parkdale, and W. E. Dean II, these being the only two men who could do anything with the Junction bowling. For the Junction, J. Edwards II and Rushbrook 10 were the only ones who reached doubles. Leigh of Parkdale bowled excellently, securing 6 wickets for 17 runs. Toronto C. C. defeated T. C. S. on "Varsity" lawn last Saturday by 191 runs to 96. Cooper 65 and Elmsley 63 did the bulk of the scoring for Toronto; and McConkey 29, Syers 17, Saunders 16 and Duggan 22 were the chief contributors for T. C. S.

Manager Irwin's team in the Eastern League has struck a pretty gait during the past ten days and is playing the best ball in the league. From a deplorable place in the tail end it has pulled up a notch, but more significant even than the improvement in its percentage, is the fact that it has beaten Buffalo and Scranton handily, and these are the strongest clubs in the circuit. Irwin has now an all-round team of good fielders, stick-handlers and base-runners; the pitchers are good while well supported, and Casey, the imperishable thousand-candle-power little star who shines behind the bat, has done great work in that position. He has catches for the whole half-dozen pitchers, and Irwin should supply Casey with a good understudy, as he is being over-worked. As the team stands now it is clearly the best ball team Toronto ever had. The grounds at Hanlan's Point are growing popular, and all that is needed is that our belated summer should now arrive.

The cold and wet weather has injured Manager Maddock's business more than that of his local competitor. With a few straight weeks of fine warm weather I think that the Canadian League would get up steam, but the rumor that Wilkesbarre may drop out of the Eastern League and Hamilton come in, would probably mean that the local League would collapse. While Toronto might possibly keep up two league teams, Hamilton could not do it. The Canadian League will not quietly be wiped out, however, and the tail-enders still belong to Wilkesbarre.

I see that Mr. W. D. Grand, formerly of Toronto, will be one of a party that will leave Orange, New Jersey, early in July for a six-hundred-mile equestrian trip through the White and Green Mountains and the Berkshire Hills to the Rangely lakes in Maine. Twelve broncho ponies from the West will be purchased to do the journey. The members of the party will be Mr. Charles Hathaway, president of the Orange Riding and Driving Club; Mr. Henry Atwater, Master Atwater, Mr. James B. Dill, Miss Dill, Mr. W. D. Grand and Master Gordon Grand. The trip will extend over about two weeks.

The Tecumsehs have arranged the following exhibition games: June 11, Peterboro' at Peterboro'; June 19, Nationals of Montreal at Hanlan's Point; July 21, Quebec at Hanlan's Point; August 21, Quebec at Quebec; August 28, Nationals at Montreal. The Tecumsehs will probably prove a little too good for the company they are thus forced to keep by their inability to get into the big league. The lacrosse situation in Toronto is indeed very painful.

The Philadelphians in England had scarcely got their land legs, no doubt, when they played against Oxford, yet we are told that their bowling greatly disappointed the spectators, being "all of one kind." If the bowling is not effective against Oxford, the team will probably make a sorry showing against some of the first-class counties.

The Capitals defeated the Shamrocks in Montreal last Saturday by 4 goals to 3. Hugh Carson, the big Capital defence man, was hurt in the second game, and will likely be unable to play any more this season.

The Torontos play Shamrocks in Montreal to-day and should win if they put up the game they did last Saturday. The Capitals also play Cornwall in the latter town.

The Queen City race for the Dodd Cup was not decided last Saturday. The Enid fouled the Winona at the Island buoy and the other two boats sailed over the course unnecessarily. It will be sailed again this afternoon.

The Cape Town *Register* in speaking of a horseman who is credited with possessing a machine concealed in his craft; and they maintained this belief for a long time. No greater compliment could have been paid the Canadian, once undoubtedly the finest carman who ever handled a pair of sculls, but who now lags superfluous on the world's rowing stage.

The married men of Mount Forest who never played lacrosse are playing a game this week against the unmarried men of the town who never played the game. If there are any men in Mount Forest who never played baseball, they will hear of something to their advantage by addressing C. Maddock, Toronto.

'Varsity opened the lawn tennis season last Saturday, defeating the Rusholme Club on the grounds of the latter by 6 events to 3. 'Varsity was represented by Love, Stratton, Scott, Needler, Treble and Edgar; Rusholme by Moore, G. T. Pepall, Cork, W. E. Pepall, Welch and Sheffield. The play on both sides was of a spirited description, and though Rusholme were beaten, yet they made a creditable showing against such a team as 'Varsity. The set between Love (V.) and Moore (R.) was particularly keenly contested, and the frequent brilliant rallies gained considerable applause from the spectators. Love, by superior judgment in placing and low, hard driving, finally defeated Moore 6-4-6-4.

THE UMPIRE.

## Artistic Dining.

**"T**HE most perfect menu," says the *Illustrated American*, "is the one which leaves the appetite still fresh after the palate has enjoyed all the courses preceding the roast. After that, when the appetite is satisfied, comes the opportunity for the artist in dinner-giving to show her best work. The dishes should become dainty and free from any of those ingredients which through their richness or sweetness tend to produce over-satisfaction. The appetite is gone, therefore one must be created. Violent contrasts must be offered in the courses that succeed one another, and thus the palate is plucked into enjoyment, until finally the sweets are brought on and the feast ended. . . . The flagging appetite is surprised into brief enthusiasm, which culminates in the dessert with its evident warning that the diner has had enough."

## Only a Little Doll.

**I** T was not because dolls were any cheaper in Windsor than Detroit that I had made the purchase in the former city, but simply that as I was passing a store in which toys were displayed, the idea had occurred to me that a doll would be the very thing to give as a Christmas present to my friend F—'s little daughter, who lives in Detroit. I think a dollar was the price, but am not sure, as I was in a great hurry to keep an appointment in the American city. I just missed one ferry, as is usually the case when one is in particular haste, and had to wait about ten minutes for the next.

Arriving upon the American side I saw the car I wanted waiting for passengers, and congratulated myself upon having made such close connection, but I had reckoned without the U. S. customs. As I emerged from the gate a gentleman arrayed in blue with gold trimmings, touched me on the shoulder.

"What have you got there?" he asked, pointing to the parcel.

"Oh! just a small doll," I replied.

"Take it inside for custom inspection," he remarked brusquely.

I did so, but as there were about a dozen others besides myself I had to wait my turn, which took about ten minutes; then as there was a duty on dolls, the exact amount of which was determined after another five minutes of figuring with the aid of an immense book, I was taxed eighteen cents and allowed to go in peace after filling in a number of blank spaces in another ponderous tome.

I missed my appointment, but vowed revenge. Two days after I made another purchase at the same store in Windsor, took the ferry, and upon my arrival was again stopped by the blue-coated one.

I affected a guilty air and appeared to be trying to hide my package, which this time was of goodly dimensions.

"Really," I protested, "it is not worth examining; it's only a small doll."

"Can't help it," answered the official, "it's got to be opened."

He noticed that my right hand was bound up with a linen bandage, but was not aware that I had merely tied my handkerchief around it on the ferry.

"Will you undo the string?" I said. "My hand is tied up."

He kindly assented. The knots were rather intricate, but I pleaded with him not to cut the twine; at last he succeeded, removed the paper, and discovered another tied up bundle.

He looked up enquiringly.

"Yes," I remarked, in answer to his unspoken query, "I wanted to make it secure."

Again he wrestled with the knots. This time the other representatives of protectionist Yankee-land gathered around to tell him how to do it.

Again he discovered a tied up parcel.

"Now don't bother any more," said I. "I assure you it is only a small doll; at least, that is what I told it was."

"That's a likely story," replied he. "They don't tie up 'small dolls' in this manner."

Manfully he went at the knots again. There was a look of deep interest upon the faces of his assistants. One of them offered to take a turn at the job, but he refused. I imagine they expected to find a casket of diamonds at the very least.

Every now and then a ferry would arrive and some valises had to be examined, some of the owners of which, seeing the heap of paper and string, and hearing my frequent remarks that "they were wasting their time—it was only a small doll—not worth all this trouble," etc., remained to witness the finale.

At last, after about twenty minutes' hard work, the last wrapper was removed and a small cardboard box, tied with a small pink ribbon, was discovered.

The lid being removed the interested on-lookers gathered around to gaze on the hidden treasure (?)

It was a china figure of an infant about half an inch long, in a nest of pink cotton wool, value about one-fifth of a cent.

"There you are," I said, "just what I told you it was—a small doll!" The officer did not seem to appreciate the joke, judging by the scowl on his face, but the bystanders did, if laughter is any criterion.

"Keep the doll," I said magnanimously as I opened the door, first ostentatiously removing the handkerchief from my hand and putting it in my pocket. "Keep the doll; you can hang it on your watch-chain."

Whenever I cross from Windsor to Detroit now with a valise, I merely remark to the blue-coated gentleman as I pass up Woodward avenue: "It's only a small doll."

They do not bother examining my baggage, which is surely worth the dollar I paid the young lady in the Windsor store for doing the "small doll" up.

Toronto, June, '97. OWEN A. SMILEY.

## Love's Little Conceit.

**For Saturday Night.**  
On a tiny green hill,  
By a deep-running rill,  
We sat and we talked reverently;  
We lingered and talked, loath to leave:  
For her voice, sweetly low,  
Blended soft with the flow  
Of the stream, and the trees,  
Alive with the birds and the breeze.  
O, her voice was more sweet  
Than the birds' warbled trill,  
And deeper her eyes than the  
Deep-running rill!  
I'm in love, you will guess;  
By my raptured delight  
In her presence and sight,  
I as much confess  
I'm in love with her beauty and grace,  
I'm in love with her beautiful face.  
But the true lover's sign,  
His signet divine,  
Can never be mine,  
I ween:  
For the lover loves one,  
As the day loves the sun  
When the stars their course run,  
Unseen:  
While I, worthless lover,  
Could talk by the rill,  
And feel from another  
The same joyous thrill—  
Were there another I anywhere meet,  
Any other so lovely and sweet!  
Orono, June, '97. GEORGE WIGHTMAN.

## The Barnums of Business.

**T**AKE the case of a country town or village, some of whose inhabitants spend their money in the departmental stores of Toronto. If one hundred families find it profitable to buy their goods at such stores, why should not all do the same? If twenty-five per cent. of the goods required by the town are bought in an adjoining city, why would it not be as well to buy the other seventy-five per cent. also in the big city? If a big store in a big city can supply goods cheaper than a local store and there are no other considerations strong enough to deter half the citizens from buying abroad, why should not all give up the fight, wipe out the local stores, and depend exclusively upon the big city stores?

If the local merchants in such a town are not needed and are of no benefit to the place, they should be discouraged and allowed to quit; if they are needed and are a benefit, they should not be starved and boycotted by cash-spenders.

Let us assume that a town which lacks local pride and spirit and whose inhabitants send much of their cash to departmental stores, carries the thing to its logical conclusion and buys everything away from home, and what follows? The merchants put up their shutters and quit. The main street has gone out of business. The post-office and the express office are the local branches of the departmental store and are busy sending off orders and handling parcels. The merchants with their families, and their clerks, scatter to the four corners of the earth. There are, perhaps, two banks in the town and one closes at once, but the other waits to see how business will be. The editor of the local paper, deprived of nine-tenths of his revenue from advertising and finding that the people of the town, having no local stores and needing goods almost daily, all take cheap city dailies to read the department store advertisements, so that those stores do not need to advertise in his weekly—the editor, I say, looks over his field and peers into the future, and then removes his plant to some place far from an overshadowing city. Those who owned property along the main street find it almost valueless. One of the local lawyers moves away. One of the doctors sells out to the rise. The farmers of the surrounding country rise at 3 a.m. and drive on through the village to the city to sell their produce and make their purchases. They consult a city doctor, or lawyer, or dentist, if they need advice or treatment. Their farms, once worth \$100 an acre because adjacent to a living town, decline in value until they are worth only \$30 or \$40 an acre, because no living town and market are near. The owner of the big mill or factory, which was bonused years ago, will now hearken to the offers he gets to locate in other places, and the town having now no future, no prospect of better shipping facilities, the factory will pack up and go away. In short, the town will have no excuse for existing. The surrounding country does not need it; it doesn't need itself; its people might as well move away and get into the city to which they really belong.

Logically this is the outcome—a whole province with no industry or trade in it but places for tinkering and repairing in a small way; a whole province in which only rich cities and rich men can thrive at all, all retailing passing into the hands of millionaire men and companies strong enough to practice any trick or to resort to any tyranny, and none being strong enough to resist them.

And yet it is sheer nerve and humbug on which the department stores depend.

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MACK.



## William Jennings Bryan.

The Man and His Methods.



WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN who lectured or spoke—the crowd would have been even larger had it been advertised that he would make a speech—in Massey Hall on Friday evening of last week, had a bad cold, and his first few husky sentences sent a chill of disappointment over the great audience. As he proceeded, however, his voice asserted itself, and at the end he was probably speaking with almost his usual freedom. The first impression that struck me was that Bryan's portraits in the papers have been unusually good ones. He has bold eyes, strong jaw, and lips and mouth like no other man I have ever seen. He has a fighting face, and if the countenance is the dial-plate of character, nothing is so surprising as the statement that Mr. Bryan is not only a religious man, but uses neither tobacco nor liquor in any form. He has not what is usually regarded as the religious face, for his countenance indicates rather worldliness, materialism and good eating. His lips seem to give an exaggerated suggestion of how well a cigar would fit into the corner of his



HIS WORSHIP THE MAYOR

mouth, tilted, perhaps, at an angle. But I am assured that he does not smoke or drink, and that at Washington, where Senators and Congressmen keep late hours, play poker and otherwise comfort themselves in a manner quite at variance with Toronto's ideas of what a country's law-makers should be and do, Mr. Bryan was conspicuous for the regularity of his habits and the blamelessness of his life. And a man with so strong a face—a man with so confident a jaw, so sturdy a physique and combative an intellect—cannot hold correct views of living without improving all life that comes in contact with him.

When Bryan spoke, his tone of voice, his deliberate and brief sentences, his caution of statement—for notwithstanding many assertions that are disputable, I think his intellect holds his zeal in constant check—all revealed the man's character in a way that, I think, will cause William Jennings Bryan to be regarded seriously by Toronto people in the future chapters of his career. This does not mean that he converted us to his views on the money question, but merely that he satisfied us of his ability and good faith.

To the public speakers who were present—and there were a great many statesmen, clergymen, lawyers and young politicians—I would point out that Mr. Bryan does not rest his claim to the title of orator upon the trick of rolling his voice, or shouting, or working himself into a fine frenzy. He makes no attempt at grandiloquent flights, but in the simplest manner and with about a dozen words he can move an audience to cheers. More than any man I know he depends upon the matter rather than the manner of his speech. Yet, paradoxically, his manner is everything, for it is so simple and direct that it does not obtrude between the ideas he advances and the audience that listens. Also, he is the speaker who, above all others, makes use of short sentences, and in the middle of each sentence he makes a short pause, so that each half falls like the distinct stroke of a hammer. Mr. Bryan makes the true orator's use of what fire there is in him. So many speakers turn on the heat so continuously that audiences get used to it and fail to warm up in response to it, but when Mr. Bryan stirs the fires his eyes flash, his whole person glows, and the audience is warm in a moment. He might have poked the fires a little more freely, though.

When he first began to speak he looked like a well-fed politician; towards the close of his speech his face had grown intellectual, pale, thin, refined.

Mr. Bryan has something that reminds one of Mr. S. H. Blake, Rev. W. F. Wilson and Dr. Beattie Nesbitt. These three Toronto gentlemen cannot be said to resemble each other, yet each, in some way, resembles Mr. Bryan. Rev. W. F. Wilson was on the platform and our artist has aimed to contrast their features by dwelling upon the points of divergence. The reverend gentleman may not have been wholly unconscious of the fact that his countenance somewhat paralleled that

1. Mr. W. J. Bryan.  
2. Rev. W. F. Wilson.

that his countenance somewhat paralleled that

of the defeated presidential candidate, yet observers were privileged to note that the clergyman had not the knobs on the forehead, and the hard mouth and fighting jaw of the Free Silver champion. The faces are much alike—yet one has the turbulent, the other the peaceful cast.

"I will tell you," said Mr. Bryan, "the gist of every political speech you ever heard. The speaker explained what was the matter with the country, and then he outlined a remedy; next he asked you to support him and his party so that you would be benefited. He never asked you to support him because his election would benefit other people."

He stated that all laws must be based upon the assumption that every man is looking out for himself, and that no law can succeed which fails to take account of the selfishness of human nature. "When I was a boy at home," he said,



"we kept hogs and used to put rings in their noses. We did not do this to prevent them from getting fat, for we were more interested in that than they were, but we did it in order that they should not root up and destroy more than they were worth. Laws are the rings which we must put in the noses of hogs to prevent the destruction of the fields in which we all must live."

He summed up the silver question, as he understands it, by offering a comparison. The wheat supply of a year is divided into two parts, and owned by two men. One man's pile of wheat is burned; the other finds that with half the supply burned, the demand for his wheat has doubled. He gets as much for his half the wheat as the two would have derived from the entire supply. He holds that it is the same with money. There used to be a pile of gold and a pile of silver used throughout the world as money. Silver was withdrawn or driven out of use. Those who owned or controlled the gold of the world have benefited ever since at the expense of the multitude of people.

Mr. Bryan, in his whole speech, assumed that he was addressing an audience that knew very little about the free silver question. The fact is that Toronto people know as much about it as the residents of Buffalo or Detroit—that is, we are equally befogged, yet equally familiar with all the catch phrases used by silverites and gold bugs. Those who had thought deeply on the money question felt that Mr. Bryan in his speech only darted to and fro on the surface of the subject, yet had he argued it all out systematically and thoroughly he would have seriously disappointed a much larger part of his audience. Mr. Bryan, rightly enough, regarded himself as something of an exhibit—as an entertainer, in a sense. Therefore he flirted with his subject and made it smile, and so pleased all but those who had been thinking deeply and had reasoned to such lengths that they were anxious to get through the tale.

We are always disappointed when great men come to Toronto. The Bryan we wished to see and hear was the Bryan who by a splendid effort of oratory had swept everything before him at the Chicago convention and made thousands mad with excitement. We had no right to expect so much. That was Bryan's supreme effort—the moment of his life. He was addressing a convention in extreme, even violent, sympathy with himself. How could he at all approach the performance when lecturing to an audience entirely out of touch with him? We judge great men by their supreme efforts. We expected too much of Ian MacLaren, Conan Doyle, Dean Hole. All that we ever can get under such circumstances is a faint suggestion of a man's power.

What will be the future of William Jennings Bryan?

There is perhaps no public man in the world about whose future there are so many conjectures. Are the books he is publishing and the lectures he is giving but the expiring efforts of a man and a Cause that are beaten for good? Or is Free Silver to remain the issue in the politics of the United States? Mr. Bryan still possesses the health and vigor of youth. How will he conduct himself if he finds that the powers arrayed against him are too rich and strong for him? Would he then become a dangerous man, ready to lead an insurrection against Capital? A discerning friend, to whom I offered this query, replied that in his opinion Bryan was endowed too richly with the gift of humor ever to grow morbid—that a keen sense of humor and good physical health would always save a man, even under defeat. And there is, no doubt, great truth in the view.

## A Man's Cravat.

"THE well-dressed man," says *Vogue*, "pays little attention to the peculiar shapes in collars and cravats that one sees in shop windows. Men try to dress away from standards that liberal adoption has made common, and consequently cheap. The best-selling articles are not by any means the most fashionable. By following the standards of dealers who seek the trade of the masses, one would be wearing the same things that our domestic steady company wears. We would delight in loud Teck scarfs, enormous puffs and band bows with huge pieces of elastic in the back. The Teck is the bad replica of the four-in-hand and the puff is the bad copy

of the Ascot. These made-up cravats are sold to men who do not know how to adjust a cravat. During the last few years the masses have taken up the tieable cravat, and the demand has become so very large that the haberdasher who sells fine trade finds it hard to secure patterns and styles that will not be duplicated in the cheap class. It is the same in shirts. We find nearly all the nice patterns duplicated in the cheaper grades, and to overcome this and give men something that they may be sure will not be liberally copied, the haberdasher has to use imported stuff of the best quality and he has to insist that whatever he buys shall be confined to him or to an absolute price. You can only avoid common effects by paying good prices. You can readily see that a dealer cannot sell his high-class wares at low prices, as exclusiveness and quality must be paid for.

## The All-Powerful.

For Saturday Night.

"Build me a palace," said the Osman Turk.  
"A palace to shine in the Eastern sky;  
A mansion that infidel dogs will see,  
And gaze on its splendor with jealous eye."  
They built him a palace of rich design,  
Overlooking the sunlit Marmora sea;  
With lofty windows, and minarets—  
A palace of beauty and majesty.  
"Go bring me women," said the turbaned Turk,  
"The fairest that bloom in Circassian bloom,  
That I may harem now adorn,  
And dwell with pleasure beneath its domes."  
Then, over the mountains and over the sea,  
They brought the treasures he lusted for,  
And filled the harem with girlish bloom,  
While paced the eunuchs at bolted door.  
And ancient wines from the musty vaults,  
They brought to him from over the sea,  
With choicest spices and rich perfumes  
From the far-off shores of Araby.  
And all that money and power could buy  
They brought to the feet of this bloated beast,  
Who cursed the living, profaned the dead,  
And calmly sat at the royal feast.  
But the hand of God that he worshipped not,  
And the Nature that cried aloud for rest,  
Had checked the course of his Godless life  
And filled with terror his craven breast.  
"Go bring me health," said the shaking Turk,  
"Let the gifted men at my call attend;  
The 'Flower of the Harem' shall deck the home  
Of him that averts this dreaded end."  
The palace had risen at his command,  
The harem was filled by his stern decree;  
But a higher Power than his prevailed  
And closed the voluptuous revelry.  
Trenton. B. KELLY.

## The Doctor's Motor Carriage.

A Perfectly True Story.

"THEY are simply the greatest invention of the age, and this I'm sure is the best one ever made. You see, when you want it to go you just turn that handle, and when you want to stop you push this one. It is simplicity itself. A child could run it. I've studied these things and thought over them, and there is not much about them I don't know."

It was Dr. Pillbread who spoke; he spoke to me, and he spoke of a motor carriage which he had purchased for nine hundred dollars, and which had arrived from the railway station a short time before. He had unpacked it in his back yard and had then sent across the street for me that I might come and rejoice with him. This I did, and was much charmed at the appearance of his purchase. It was magnificent and simply flashed and glistened in the sunlight where it stood. I told him the furniture polish on it was alone worth the price. He assented in an absent kind of way. He did not seem to take in everything I said, but just went on patting the machine and muttering to himself.

"It will double my practice. It is ready for use now. I shall use it to-day," he said under his breath, and then turning to me continued: "Come around to-night after tea. We will go for a drive. You have no idea of the delight to be had from flying over country roads without exertion; the air laden with the drowsy aroma of flowers; the birds twittering their last good-night notes, and all that kind of thing. You have really no idea what it is like."

I had as much of an idea of it as he had, but I was discreet and simply said I should be on hand. I suggested that he should study the rules or suggestions sent by the manufacturer, which I saw lying on the gallery.

"Fiddlesticks," he replied. "Do you think I have been looking at pictures of these things and reading articles about them in the newspapers for a year past without understanding them? Do you think I have been lying awake at night thinking out their mechanism—a subject for which I have a special talent and aptitude—and do you think I must now bow my head and study manufacturers' rules or suggestions, as you term them? It is stupid of you, Jones."

I was in the middle of my apology when a servant rushed excitedly into the yard and said word had been telephoned from Mr. Fudgepuff's (the millionaire) to go there immediately, as the old gentleman was desperately ill and was having, or was going to have, a fit.

Pillbread smiled pleasantly, which I thought very unfeeling, and said: "Jump in, Jones, and come around with me. You can walk back if I am long."



I felt there was no time to be lost in haggling, so I sprang into a seat, as did Pillbread, and in a moment we were gliding majestically out at the back gate. Certainly the sensation was delightful and, fit or no fit, I began to wish that Mr. Fudgepuff lived further away.

"Now we will put on a little speed," said Pillbread, as soon as we were in the street, and away we went at a clipping gait, while people on the sidewalks looked after us in admiration. The speed seemed gradually to increase and we were approaching the Fudgepuff mansion.

"Better begin to slow up, old man," I said. He made a few nervous movements and then said: "Lots of time, lots of time."

We were going at a vicious pace now, and I remonstrated.

"Slow up, can't you," I said. "We are right at the place, and if you stop suddenly we shall both be thrown out and probably killed. Think of your wife."

Pillbread did not answer and our speed seemed to increase. In a few seconds more we shot past the house. There were some frantic females at the front gate who screamed and made signs to us as we flew by. I grew angry.

"It is evident you are unable to stop this machine, Pillbread," I said. "Is this the talent, the aptitude you said you had for such things?"

"Please shut up," he replied, and added in the same breath, "What under Heaven shall we do?"

I was offended at being told to shut up, but a rich man's life lay trembling in the balance, so I quickly replied:

"Make a detour around some of these blocks and spring out as we pass the gate again. It is your only way."

It was indeed the only thing to be done, so we flew around the next corner we came to and narrowly escaped a collision with a milk-cart in so doing. It was only averted by the milkman's skill. After several other hair-breadth escapes from electric cars, baby carriages, etc., and in less time than it takes to tell it, we were again approaching the gate at terrific speed. I had taken the steering handle and Pillbread was standing up, all prepared for his desperate leap. I steered as close as I dared to the sidewalk, and Pillbread stooped three or four times in preparation for a spring, but just as we reached the gate he sank back into his seat.

"It may not be going quite so fast next time," he said.

"You are a miserable coward," I replied, "and ought to be ashamed of yourself. That man may be dying, and all through your foolish timidity. We are not going much more than twenty miles an hour, and were I in your place it would be a pleasure for me to jump out. The man is a millionaire. You have no conscience. I shall steer this thing around again, and if you do not jump out at the gate I shall throw you out. So be prepared." I am much stronger than Pillbread.

He said he would jump, but begged me to take in an extra block or so in going around. I told him I could not do this, as I had to think of the sick man as well as of him. He grabbed at the steering apparatus, but I kept tight hold of it, and in about a minute we were approaching the elusive gate for the third time. He jumped this trip, and I was pained to see that he landed badly, chiefly on his chest, I think, and as I glanced back I saw him limping up the front walk.

I was now alone with the machine and made straight for the country. It still seemed to gain in speed, but I was not worried, at least for some time, as I had read somewhere that the things ran only a certain time and then stopped and had to be re-charged or something. It was lovely in the country and I enjoyed "the aroma of the flowers and the twittering of the birds" to the full. Moreover, I tried to look as though I had spent all my life riding in motor carriages. To acquaintances driving in dog-carts, etc., I bowed in a pitying yet distant manner, and quickly riveted my gaze ahead to guard against their calling to me to stop. As soon as the carriage showed any sign of slowing up, I hoped, I knew not how, to get it turned citywards again and so reach home, but so far it showed no falling off in energy or speed, and I was a good ten miles from the city. I was beginning to feel the seriousness of my position, and also to wonder if I should ever get back again, when suddenly an attack, apparently in the nature of catalepsy, seized upon the machine, and it stopped with a rigidity and a snap which threw the faithful narrator of these events some distance into the air. I was not much hurt, as I landed in a sitting posture on the soft country road, and the sensation of feeling myself a free man again and master of my own actions fully made up for the jolting I had received.

There was a farmer's house near at hand and I hastened to get to it and arrange with the man to stow the carriage in his barn until it was sent for. He got three other men and we went for the thing. All progressed well until we had got almost to the barn door. The demoniacal thing then sniffed our purpose and fought hard against it, and broke away from us all several times, on one of which occasions it traveled backwards across the large field at a rate which has never been beaten except perhaps by a bullet or a piece of scandal. For a moment I feared it would escape into the bush and be lost forever, but fortunately there was a large oak tree in the field, against which it stopped—somewhat smashed. We at last got it tied up, and I then made a bargain with the farmer to drive me home, and in a little over

an hour and a half we were again nearing the city.

I omitted to mention that on the way out I had tossed the tollgate-keeper a quarter and shouted to him to keep the change. He evidently had not understood me, as he now came and enquired what it was I had called to him.

"To have my change ready for me when on my way back," I replied, and by this apt, if unscrupulous, answer I recovered ten cents odd to my pocket.

My great-grandfather on my mother's side had, I am told, a few drops of Scotch blood in his veins.

After supper I went to see Pillbread. Poor chap, he was sadly broken up, but said he would be out again he hoped in a few days. He explained to me why he could not stop the thing.

"It seems there are special hints," he said, "contained in the instructions—things that had escaped my memory for the moment."

I had no heart to remind him of my advice before starting, so simply enquired how he had found Mr. Fudgepuff.

"Bah," he exclaimed. "There is nothing in the world the matter with him. The whole thing was a foolish joke of my hopeful young nephew, Charlie, who arrived yesterday for a month's visit. He rang the telephone bell, answered it, and carried on an excited but altogether imaginary conversation, and then sent the servant out to us, as you know. The ladies at the gate as we passed the first time were the three Miss Fudgepuffs and they were only waving their handkerchiefs and cheering to us as we went by. They were at the window afterwards and saw me take that infernal leap. They helped me into the house and I explained, as far as I could, my apparently wild action. They appeared to be possessed with a foolish desire to laugh, and of course flatly denied having sent any message to me to come. After I had recovered my breath and rested a little I drove home in the Fudgepuff carriage."

Two weeks have passed since that eventful afternoon and the motor carriage is still in the farmer's keeping.

Charlie went home that same night.

W. B. LEITCH.

Quebec, June, 97.

## Canadians Abroad.

THE British-born residents of Nebraska and Iowa propose to celebrate the Diamond Jubilee, and an organization meeting was held at Omaha on the Queen's Birthday. A correspondent sends us one of the circulars issued by the association, with the names marked of those taking part whom he knows to be Canadians.

The president is Matthew A. Hall of Omaha and formerly of Toronto. There are nine vice-presidents, of whom six are former Canadians: T. M. Orr from Stratford, Rev. J. P. D. Llywd from Muskoka, R. I. Mattice, M. D., from Cornwall, James Phillips from Cobourg, John Yates from Ottawa, Richard Green from Toronto. The treasurer is Robert McClelland, formerly of Winnipeg. On the various committees are: George A. Joselyn, president of the Western Newspaper Union, and formerly of Montreal; Joseph H. Millard, president of the Omaha National Bank, and formerly of Hamilton; W. V. Morse, president of the Morse-Coe Shoe Company, and formerly of Halifax; R. S. Anglin, M.D., from Kingston, James C. Lindsay from Quebec, Ed. P. Mullen from Toronto, and R. W. Taylor from Montreal.

This list of names brings out two significant things: (1) That Canada has contributed to the United States a large number of able and useful men; (2) That they do not forget the country of their birth although permanently resident in another. The first point is practical; the second is sentimental.

Here is a query for statesmen to answer: How many European peasants assisted into Canada make up for one Canadian assisted out of the country?

## Publishing Notes.

The June number of *The Massey Magazine* announces that that monthly has been incorporated with the *Canadian Magazine*, and the June number is the last distinctive issue of *Massey's*. As we stated a couple of weeks ago, Mr. John A. Cooper, B.A., who has had charge of the *Canadian* for a couple of years, will retain the editorship.

Mr. Bernard McEvoy, of the *Mail and Empire* editorial staff, is the author of a book of verse entitled *Away from Newspaperdom and Other Poems*, that will be published by George N. Morang, Toronto, in a few days. Mr. McEvoy is a well known newspaper man, and has written some poems possessing excellent taste and feeling. His best efforts will, I am told, appear in the volume referred to.

Mr. J. Lawlor Woods has compiled, and G. M. Rose & Sons have published, a very neat and handsomely illustrated Toronto souvenir. The production is a very creditable one and should prove of great value to Toronto, as it is the very thing that travelers will wish to carry away, containing fine half-tone engravings of all Toronto's leading public buildings and views of places of interest. It does for Toronto what similar publications have done for New York, Boston, Washington and other cities, and it is a native enterprise.

*The Globe's* Jubilee number, which was issued on Wednesday, is probably the finest thing of the kind that was ever published for ten cents. It has a fine colored cover, and from beginning to end is a work of great merit and unusual enterprise.

*The Lion and the Lilies*, a Tale of the Conquest and other Poems by Charles Edwin Jakeway, has just been published by William Briggs, Toronto. The book is a very handsome one, and we shall refer to Dr. Jakeway's poems again.

## The War in Print.

Washington Star.

"What is the matter?" enquired the officer. "The enemy has stolen a march on me!" replied the general, in great agitation.

"Are you sure?" "Almost. Either that, or else I have mislaid the manuscript."



## STEAMSHIP SAILINGS.

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New twin screw regular ships, Thursday, 12 noon.  
Bremen..... June 24 Barbarossa..... July 22  
Prinz Reg. Luipold, July 1 Koenig Luise..... July 29  
H. H. Meier..... July 8 Prinz Reg. Luipold, Aug. 5  
Frieder Grosse..... July 15 Bremen..... Aug. 12  
Saloon, \$75; second saloon, \$42.50 upward.  
New York, Southampton (London) Bremen  
Express ships 19 a.m.  
Trave..... June 22 Saale..... July 13  
Lahn..... June 29 Trave..... July 20  
Havel..... July 6 Lahn..... July 27  
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Spree, June 26; Aller, July 10; Spree, July 24.  
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NEW YORK-ANTWERP  
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RIVER RAIL

## Anecdotal.

A visitor to a charming spot in the South of Ireland asked one of the natives what the industry of the place was. "Mostly poaching, sorr," he replied, adding with a merry twinkle of his eye, "and taking in each other's washing."

A certain Episcopalian dignitary, who is young-looking and always wears a white tie, went to call once upon the president of his college. He rang the bell, the door was opened, and he was about to present his card, when he was cut short by the footman, who had run his eye over him, saying: "All right, young man. You're too late. I got the place yesterday."

The lady was in her country home, with which there is telephonic communication. She had just received a message through the telephone, and, still holding the tube to her ear, said to her husband: "The Thompsons want us to dine with them to-night. Is it good enough?" Before he could speak, the answer came over the wire: "Yes, quite good enough. Come along!"

The little maiden had a French nurse, of whom she was very fond. One day this nurse departed, and her small charge wandered about

the house, upstairs and down, into the garden and back again, and finally hung about her mother, who was busy just then with the baby. Receiving no attention, she turned away, saying dejectedly: "Nobody loves me. I guess I'll go down in the garden and eat bugs. I ate free yesterday—two smooove ones and one woolly one."

An old darkey was encountered by the expedition sent by Uncle Sam for the relief of sufferers by the Mississippi floods. Uncle Eph was in a dilapidated-looking skiff or dugout, which he was having considerable trouble to keep afloat. He was busy paddling with one hand and bailing out his craft with the other when the relief-boat came within hailing distance of him. The captain of the relief-boat called to him: "Hello, there, uncle! What do you want?" "Nothing but wings, boss," was the answer.

It was the custom of Harvard University to confer the degree of LL.D. upon each governor of Massachusetts shortly after his election. When Ben Butler was elected governor the Harvard authorities, to show their disapproval of the man, decided not to confer upon him the degree, and when the decision was reported to Butler he said: "Very well. They are quite right. The degree is written in Latin, and as I am the first Governor of Massachusetts elected in forty years who could read Latin, I am clearly not eligible."

General and Mrs. Grant, while at Berlin, were shown by Bismarck the great chamber where the commission to settle the terms of the Russo-Turkish peace was then sitting. Mrs. Grant asked him what it was all for, and he looked very much surprised at her apparent ignorance. She hastened to answer that she knew that it was to settle the terms of the war between the Russians and the Turks, but she could not see what the Germans had to do with it. Prince Bismarck straightened himself up. His face at first was quite sober, but his mouth soon softened into a smile, and he replied: "To tell you the truth, madam, Russia has taken too much Turkey, and we are helping her to digest it."

One fine morning, after peace had been concluded between France and Russia, the two emperors, Napoleon and Alexander, were taking a short walk, arm in arm, around the palace park at Erfurt. As they approached the sentinel, who stood at the foot of the grand staircase, the man, who was a grenadier of the guard, presented arms. The Emperor of France turned, and pointing with pride to a great scar that divided the grenadier's face, said: "What do you think, my brother, of soldiers who can survive such wounds as that?" "And you," answered Alexander, "what do you think of soldiers who can inflict them?" Without stirring an inch from his position, or changing the expression of his face in the least, the stern old grenadier himself replied gravely: "The man who did it is dead."

At the close of the first day's fight at Shiloh, Sherman met a colonel of one of his regiments with only about a hundred of his soldiers in ranks, and said to him: "Why, where are your men?" The colonel cast his eyes sadly along the line, wiped a tear from his cheek, and replied in a whimpering voice, "We went in eight hundred strong, and that's all that is left of us." "You don't tell me!" exclaimed Sherman, beginning to be deeply affected at the fearful result of the carnage. "Yes," said the colonel; "the rebels appeared to have a special spite against us." Sherman passed along some hours afterward, when the commissary was issuing rations, and found that the colonel's men were returning on the run from under the bank of the river, where they had taken shelter from the firing; and in a few minutes nearly all of the lost seven hundred had rejoined, and were boiling coffee and eating a hearty meal with an appetite that showed they were still very much alive.

## Between You and Me.

HAT can be done in the way of quiet enjoyment, with nothing but fresh air and sunshine as condiments, was shown on Sunday to anyone who traveled countrywards. The immortal street cars, loaded to the steps with men, women and children, were responsible for nine-tenths of the tired, contented faces one saw about six o'clock. There are various kinds of tired faces, but the average Sunday face when it's tired has a deep tinge of boredom, unmistakable and exceedingly unpleasant. No one could be bored, no matter how tired, on a sweet June day when the country, unspoiled yet by dust and drought, smiled fair in one's face. They were all out, papa, mamma and babies countless; one depraved baby, whose moans are not many, (one, most likely,) and whose future can be nothing but a record of crime, with a little unsteady head on a very wobbly neck, and eyes without lashes, staring brazenly at all and sundry its fellow-criminals, was an object lesson upon which I heard a mischievous woman dilating with immense glee. In fact, between the multitude who were getting close to God through nature, and the few who watched them with satisfaction, there was a great deal of good in the air, as well as dust and gong-ringing. And no one could help confessing the Sunday cars, were to blame for it.

The glory of early June growth is surely the horse-chestnut tree, which in spite of its frightful name is a thing of beauty not half appreciated. If its magnificent blooms were orchids, how one would hear them raved over! They stand set about the pteuteous green, like tapers on an idealized Christmas tree, a mammoth illumination of delicate cream and faint splashes of mauve and pink, and dabs of gold, curious in their shape and dignified and stately in their cone-like arrangement. I have seen orange trees, heavy-sweet and glossy in flower and leaf, and ethereal oleander trees, with their grand wealth of blossom, and laburnum like a shower of heaven's gold; and I have wheeled down an avenue half a mile long, between rhododendrons, rose and white, in far, fair Erin, but the horse-chestnut in bloom is handsomer than any one of them, and Toronto people don't seem to admire it as it deserves. You should have

heard what a stranger said of our city as he skimmed about on a wheel last week, and as he bid good-bye to us and disappeared into the dim recesses of a Pullman car his last words were: "Verily, I shall see visions of Toronto and her shady streets and those glorious chestnut trees for years to come."

One of the dangers which menace the cyclist in our streets is the covered-in wagon, such as is driven by milk-men and laundry-men. How many times have you been nearly run over by one of them, as its unseen and unseeing driver suddenly took a sharp turn across the street? No one knows the mind of the man in the boxed-in seat; he sometimes doesn't, but to all appearances, know it himself, and over he comes on top of you as you quietly pedal alongside or essay to pass him. Another danger is the scorching on the devil-strip. His advance is appalling, even though you know you have right of way. He charges at you, hooped like a measuring worm, dirty, dusty and begrimed with a plentiful perspiration; whirr goes his wheel; glare go his eyes, and he is past, taking your breath with him. The scorching seems to need a few bad falls worse than anyone I know. Still another danger is the rider who can just stick on enough to run into people. Two women met on the devil-strip the other day; the one having right of way is a fairly sure rider, but the other turned out to be a novice, though she charged at the better rider like a cyclone—a little squeak, a rasping of wheels and knuckles, and the new rider coming off to the boulevard, while the rightful owner of the devil-strip pedaled irately eastward and rubbed her bumped knuckles with unutterable thoughts. It should be understood by every cyclist that riders going east and south have right of way, without bumping their *ris-a-vis* across the road.

A funny thing happened in our street the other evening. Just as the shades of night were falling fast, there loomed up in the dim dusk a beautiful new wheel, trundled by a very fashionable man-cyclist. An equally immaculate man-friend strolled beside him, and presently the usual fun of an *al fresco* riding lesson began for the neighbors. "He's too finely dressed to ride easy," said a maiden of Scotch persuasion, as she settled herself on a cushion on the step to see the fun. "I hope he won't spoil his clothes." "There'll be patches of the asphalt rubbed clean before long," prophesied another with unholy glee. Just as she said, so it came to pass. The exquisite yawed, and bawled, and jibed, and sat down with suddenness and profanity, at which the Scotch dame rolled up her eyes. Suddenly from out a sandy lane whirled a curious show of bare head, bare legs, and bicycle. This bicycle has been evolved by sundry ingenious gamins from a child's tricycle, and is the wonder of the asphalt and the glory of the lane. The wheels are not mates; the front one is apt to meander back and forth on a rather elongated hub, and the back one is vocal with skirls and squeaks. Out dashed this curious piece of mechanism, bestride by its creator, whose cycling costume barely fulfilled the requirements of Archibald and the Scotch maidens. It circled and squeaked and twisted, but obeyed the master marvelously. The gentlemen essayed once more, after many exchanges of plans and pointers, to continue their riding lessons. The tiny boy, with one bare foot clutching the curb, looked on with sympathetic interest. He had been there himself, had butted the lane fence, and filled his nose and mouth with the lane dust, many and many a time before he had reduced his erratic machine to submission. The exquisite, vainly restrained by his anxious instructor, charged at the little bare-legged boy. Away sped he, with many a squeak and rasp, and again the hundred-dollar wheel and its rider rolled on the boulevard. Then the cyclist said wrathfully, "I'll never do it, Bob. The infernal thing's possessed!" But the whirling little bare legs careered by, and the small voice said heartily and encouragingly, "Try again, gov'nor. Just look at me!"

## Lang, Lang Syne.

Dae ye mind o' lang, lang syne,  
When the simmer days were fine,  
And the sun shone brighter far  
Than he's ever dune syn syne?  
Dae ye mind the Hag Brig turn,  
Whaur we guddled in the burn,  
And were late for the schule in the mornin'?

Dae ye mind the sunny braes,  
Whaur we gathered hips and slaes,  
And fell among the bramble bushes,  
Tearin' a' oor claes,  
And for fear they would be seen,  
We gaed slippin' hame at e'en,  
But were lick'd for oor pains in the mornin'?

Dae ye mind the miller's dam,  
When the frosty winter cam',  
Hoo we slade upon the curlers' rink,  
And made their game a sham?  
When they chased us thro' the snaw,  
We took leg-bail ane and a';  
But we did it owre again in the mornin'!

What famous fun was there,  
Wi' oor games at 'houn' and hare,  
When we played truant frae the schule,  
Because it was the Fair;  
And we ran frae Patie's mill  
Through the woods on Whinny Hill—  
And were fear't for the tawse in the mornin'!

Whaur were those bright hearts noo,  
That were then so leal and true?  
Oh! some hae left life's troubled scene,  
Some still are strugglin' thro',  
And some hae risen high  
In life's changeful destiny—  
For they rose wi' the lark in the mornin'.

Noo life's sweet spring is past,  
And oor autumn's come at last,  
Oor summer day has passed away,  
Life's winter's coming fast;  
But though lang its nights may seem,  
We shall sleep without a dream,  
Till we wauken on yon bright Sabbath mornin'.  
Monkton. REV. DR. LAURIE.

## How he Figured It.

N. Y. Truth.  
Violet—How did Mr. Bighed come to accept the doctrine of reincarnation?  
Rose—Well, you know he always had an impression that the world couldn't get along without him, and if that is so, it stands to reason that he will have to come back.

## Correspondence Coupon.

The above Coupon MUST accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, serape or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

BIZ.—Your *nom de plume* is most suitable. You are bright, receptive, energetic and even-tempered, adapt yourself to circumstances, persevere, and are not easily rattled. Sequence of ideas is good.

NIOBE.—Nice child, to write me such a pretty little screed of thanks. I am sure I was not too good to you. Give my love to Diana and Minerva; and best luck to you in the exams. Hope to hear from you all again, when you've safely passed.

MARGARET.—This is a fine, active and energetic specimen, apt to idealize her friends and sure to shrink from an unkind thought; rather cheerful and inclined to social pleasures; not particularly apt to fight the battle of life alone. A constant and true friend.

A. G. L.—I wish I dare say what those initials might stand for, but dare not. You are a person of many impulses and not very reliable; you are rather clever, but lack purpose and sincerity. The nervous force seems badly controlled and I wouldn't bet much on what you'd do. Perhaps youth and not perverseness is at the bottom of your crankiness. I do not find much that's nice in you.

BUD.—I glad you have more sense than to class graphology with tea-cup reading. The noble four whose answers converted you ought to feel they have not lived in vain. 2. Your two studies are excellent and confess a good deal. You are cautious, far-seeing, practical and somewhat of a talker, and look well after number one; are an optimist and not far from being very clever. Sympathy, love of beauty and harmony, and orderly method and good temper are yours.

GERALDINE.—One of life's cushions you are, my lady, with all sorts of nice embroideries on it. Your lines might be signed Gerald, all the same, for the ordinary business hand of your fellowman much resembles yours. Energy, facility, enterprise, concentration, gentleness and force combine to make it a plausible and attractive study. You like beauty, harmony and neat surroundings, and think almost over much of appearances. Charming good nature, many graces of manner and tone, and a very fine self-probation mark your easy lines.

ROSA CARRY.—You are too fond of posing and it is hard to nail you down to your true, sincere nature. Don't the "large family" ever praise you, just because they know you desire approbation, and overlook little selfish or trying traits because you'd be so hurt to have them mentioned? I find your study very trying from its evident insincerity. Come out and be undecieved; you are not natural. You are affectionate, somewhat original, lacking sympathy and tact, but are rather good-tempered and apt to let things take their course so long as you aren't annoyed. You are mentally bright and quick in perception. I wish you'd honestly study yourself, for you have the force and the power to be a fine character.

VERMEO.—You dear little thing! Your writing isn't wretched. You are still growing and your lines are not as strong as they will be. They show at present great adaptability, some humor, refinement, energy and enterprise. Your aims and impulses are largely out of date, and you sometimes don't just know where you're at. But there is fine stuff in you, little one, and when you get your object in life fully set before you, you'll go like wildfire. There is nothing which your mind can better employ itself than just yourself—that precious bit of the Divine which you hold to nourish and make grow. Never be satisfied; there is always to-morrow's growth to see, and don't dwell too much upon your conditions. I have seen a plant flourish in a dusty garret, and exquisite handicraft emerge from a noisome cellar. Write again.

WILD VIOLET.—I am glad I spoke out about the uneasy girl, as it did you good. Be content; you would if you realized that content has nothing to do with your surroundings; it comes from a well-poised nature and from within. You can and should be quite independent of circumstances. 2. Your writing shows honor, candor, and a sweet and amenable disposition; you are gentle, but have sufficient firmness, good judgment, love of harmony and beauty, good sequence of ideas, and an even and rather hopeful temperament. To fit you for society, books are of little avail; usage, experience and forgetfulness of self, with keen observation of others, will do the trick when the time comes. Read Nansen's *Farthest North*, if you have imagination, and get Emerson's essay on Self-Reliance. It will give you a good many ideas.

S. H. S., AKRON.—I am afraid that many an one



## Before Retiring....

take Ayer's Pills, and you will sleep better and wake in better condition for the day's work. Ayer's Cathartic Pills have no equal as a pleasant and effectual remedy for constipation, biliousness, sick headache, and all liver troubles. They are sugar-coated, and so perfectly prepared, that they cure without the annoyances experienced in the use of so many of the pills on the market. Ask your druggist for Ayer's Cathartic Pills. When other pills won't help you, Ayer's is

## THE PILL THAT WILL.

who intended, as you put it, "to make the glad New Year a brighter, holier star in life's great, infinite horizon," has given up the polishing business and let the brighter, holier star get a shine on by itself. I dislike anniversary enthusiasms; in fact, am rather shy on enthusiasm of any sort. It generally has the effect noticeable after scorching up a hill; the extra power has to be missed afterwards. And, my dear girl, there have indeed been human hearts which, serene in the beautiful "now," have ceased to speculate in futures, and feel no "peculiar charm" in the coming of New Year's day. Now, I won't be nasty to you any more. Your writing shows ability, imagination, perception and appreciation, and I am sure you are one of life's bright ones. You are sweet-tempered, adaptable, outspoken and inclined to optimism, but hope isn't the marked trait one might expect from your words. Good method, susceptibility, refinement and energy are traits in a charming study.

## SHOE SPECIALS

Nowhere else have such trade winning plans been made for spring shoe selling. The finest grade of ladies' hand-sewed boots in light soles or medium weight. The newest shapes and newest colors, as well as the finest in blacks.

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# Studio and Gallery

In his portrait of Mrs. E. F. Johnston exhibited in Ottawa this year, Mr. Wylie Grier has succeeded in giving a very beautiful picture. As a likeness, a profile can never convey the impression of the person another view would and should, and yet in this, one could not wish for the slightest change. The light falls on the back of the head, lighting warmly the wonderful mass of hair and leaving the face in shadow. The background is deep blue—green, is it?—giving a feeling of space; touches of green and red, quite vivid, are in the pillows behind, and the white drapery of the sleeve, which might with advantage have been more loose and flowing, completes the scheme. There is a quality here to be seen in only one other portrait by this artist that we know of, a melting and softening of outline which is never weakness or indistinctness, and is infinitely charming in connection with this rich harmony of color.

Last week at a sale of pictures by Mr. F. A. Verner the smaller ones went quickly, while a number of the larger ones on which a reserve price was set remained unsold.

Pictures from the collections of Messrs. E. B. Osler, R. T. Ellis, Charles Cookshut and others are among the noteworthy things which the Rosedale Art League have succeeded in bringing together at the exhibit in the public school there.

Appropos of a very beautiful girde of enamel and steel designed by Mr. Alexander Fisher of London, England, one of the objects the new revival in jewelry has produced, and in which the subjects of the enamels are chosen from Wagner's operas, the *Studio* remarks: "When analysing the spirit of decoration which controls modern art to-day, it is curious how the influence of the great tone-poet of Bayreuth is almost invariably found present. Whether the craftsman makes illustrations, carves, fashions mosaics or stained glass, weaves tapestries, or works cunningly in metals and enamels, he is almost certain, sooner or later, to pay the debt he owes Wagner as a source of inspiration. . . . For a maker of beautiful things must needs be affected by other things of beauty wrought in arts of which he is not master, but only a mere pupil, or a willing spectator."

The same magazine notes the growing effort to impart to applied art a more aesthetic feeling in Germany, hitherto behind England and France in this, and mentions as notable examples of this the embroideries of Hermann Obrist, the sculptor; ornamental glassware produced by the Berlin etcher, Koeppling; and the beautiful ceramics to which Professor Langer of Karlsruhe has given his attention. In Munich a prominent artist, H. von Berlesch, is now engaged in ceramic work and is, moreover, a very accomplished designer of furniture, while another Munich artist, T. Rosl, a few weeks ago exhibited some most successful wall-papers.

A friend here has heard recently from Miss Laura Muntz, who is now traveling in Italy, and we are permitted to give a few extracts from one of her letters. "Just think of my writing to you from Rome, glorious old Rome! We arrived here on Monday evening at nine (this is Thursday), and since then we have been feasting our eyes in the Vatican, in the Sistine chapel, in the picture galleries, and among the sculpture. This afternoon we go to some of the churches. In St. Peter's I was so impressed by Michael Angelo's Pieta, the Madonna with the dead Christ across her knees, that I could not take in anything else. It all seemed like a dream to be walking about St. Peter's, really in Rome, after so many years of waiting and wishing. Oh! the endless rows and tiers of statues and busts, of bas-reliefs, and fragments of beautiful, broken things—all so grand! I could not bear to leave them without stopping

a long time before each. One thing among all the decorations found at Pompeii, and amongst all the sculpture here, impressed me very much and will you also—the way they draw children, using them so often as little statues, holding jars for fountains, and as cupids flying, running, sleeping, always in action, alive, and, what is more, childish. In the Sistine chapel two small marble figures (children) by Michael Angelo are especially remarkable for the way the soft flesh is given; the long bodies and short legs and beautifully modeled little faces are just as childish as anyone could wish. The wonderful frescoes of Michael Angelo's on the ceiling there have to be seen; you know them, I am sure, from photographs. The Day of Judgment everyone knows, and the guide-book depreciates the way it has been spoiled by damp, but to me the color is beautiful, so gray and subdued, none too quiet as far as I am concerned. . . . Yesterday the Post-Office delighted our weary eyes. One goes through an old arched doorway into a great courtyard, where there is a fountain playing, and great waving palms. At the corner of the streets many niches with saints and candles burning before them, women with great baskets of yellow roses on their heads in Italian costume, and in every square grand old fountains. . . . This morning saw the Dying Gladiator. It is wonderful; the copies give you no idea of the beauty of the real thing, larger than life, and so beautiful without being effeminate. We saw a portrait of Michael Angelo in bronze. One does not see any pride of himself or feeling of success. The head is a little drooped—weariness and work and sadness in the face. The casual observer would say, 'What a very ordinary-looking man!' The bust of Homer is much more impressive because of the calmness in it. Michael Angelo gives one the impression of nervousness and irritation. . . . Again a great many beautiful children, one especially lovely girl with a dove, and a snake reaching up to it, she defending it, charmingly childlike. Head of Socrates—what a pug nose he had. . . . We expect to go to Florence at the end of the week and then to Venice, and Perugia, and Milan, perhaps Siena also.

Among the good things in the Matthews Gallery, Yonge street, are a number of water-colors by Mr. L. R. O'Brien, of which two are quite striking. In one a bunch of chrysanthemums is the excuse for a beautiful arrangement of color. The background is a blur of reds and blues, the latter predominating near the flowers and suggesting a contrast with their yellow; the freedom of the handling and purity of the color are to be noted. In the other a promontory crowned with a fortress and wall rises sheer and steep in the foreground—a sketch of Quebec in which the point of view is well chosen and the color remarkably fresh.

The *Century Magazine* for June contains a fine reproduction of Mr. F. M. Bell-Smith's portrait of Her Majesty Queen Victoria, painted from life at Windsor Castle, July 5, 1895.

Mr. G. A. Storey, A.R.A., gives the following account of how he came to paint his picture, *Only a Rabbit*. He had been shooting all day with Mr. Thomas Agnew, and the latter had missed everything he had fired at, until near night, when he killed a small rabbit. "Tom, how much do you think that rabbit cost you?" asked the artist. Mr. Agnew gave it up, but the other totted it up and found that it came to a considerable sum. "It will cost you more than that yet," said Mr. Storey; and it did, for he some time afterwards sold Mr. Agnew the painting which had been suggested by the event for £300.

M. Benjamin Constant says the Duchesse d'Alencon asked him for a sketch for her stall at the recent bazar in Paris. He hates "martyrdoms," and would never paint an auto-da-fé. As he was turning in his head subjects for his sketch, the servant announced a model—a fair, strong and interesting country girl. During an interval in the sitting, the model, with her head to one side, leant with her hands behind her against a pole. "What a Joan of Arc at the stake!" exclaimed the artist. He rapidly painted the martyrdom of Joan of Arc, which he had never done in his life before, with her hands tied and her eyes raised to Heaven. Next day he framed it, and was taking it to the Duchesse, when he learned that she had lost her life in the awful furnace. M. Constant believes that his pencil was guided by another hand than his own. LYNN C. DOYLE.

The Senator Talks of Art. Philander Johnson in Washington Star. "It's an old saying and a true one," remarked Senator Sorghum, with pensive sadness, "that republics are ungrateful. People don't seem to know their own minds. The more you do for them the more they want you to do, and nine times out of ten your best efforts are misconstrued."

"What has happened?"

"One of my constituents has been criticizing my attitude on the tariff."

"In what respect?"

"He says I'm wrong in wanting to tax works of art."

"Is he competent to speak?"

"Of course he isn't. He doesn't pay any taxes to speak of and does scarcely any work at all in a campaign. But those who have the least right to talk on a subject always seem to have the most to say. He shuts himself up and spends his time painting pictures, and then expects to tell how the country ought to be run."

"Did you convince him that he was mistaken?"

"He didn't have a word to say when I got through. I walked right into the middle of the argument and told him he ought to be ashamed of himself to want to bring all these foreign-painted pictures over here in competition with our home manufactures. Haven't we got the paint? Haven't we got the brushes? And haven't we got the canvas and the cigar-box lids and barns and all the other things that pictures are customarily put on to? Then what under the sun is the use of going to Europe for picture-painting? That's the way I put the question to him."

"Did he make any reply?"

"He said something about its being a misfortune for this country to be deprived of the

many old masters that might be brought over under more liberal arrangements. But I silenced him when I told him that what I proposed to do was to encourage the business by keeping out foreign competition, so that in a few years we would be turning out old masters just as cheap as Europe ever dared to. That settled him. He said there wasn't any more use of arguing with me, and went home."

## Will Port Arthur Celebrate?

The British Empire will kindly pause a moment to hear what the Port Arthur *Herald* has to say in answer to a question as to whether that town will celebrate on Jubilee Day. Before deciding where to spend the day read this:

Why, when it comes right down to getting up an A1, rip-snorting, scorching, all wool-and-a-yard-wide celebration Port Arthur can out-do any other town of equal size on this continent and don't you forget it. Port Arthur will celebrate and do the thing in such a way that from the rising of the sun to the going down thereof a halo of glory, hilarity, and loyalty will hang over the whole of Thunder Bay and adorn the head of the Sleeping Giant, who lies at ease on the great rocky bed provided for him by mother Nature. Will Port Arthur celebrate? Well if she don't, you may look for that same sleeping giant to fall out of bed in a galling disappointment of surprise.

"He can take the Bible apart as good as any man I ever seed," said a colored gentleman, in criticism of his pastor, "but he can't put it together again."

A Wellington, New Zealand, butcher advertises, "Having now secured the services of a university man for our small goods department we can supply the real Cambridge and Oxford sausages at five pounds for one shilling."

## MOTHERS REJOICE

AS THEY SEE THEIR LITTLE ONES MADE STRONG AND WELL BY KOOTENAY WHICH CONTAINS THE NEW INGREDIENT.

A sick child always appeals to our love and sympathy. It commands the tenderest care and watchfulness of its mother, who would gladly sacrifice anything to have her darling well.

To mothers who have children suffering from any disease brought about by thin, watery or impure blood, Kidney Trouble following Scarlet Fever, Rheumatism, Eczema or any other skin rash, or any condition in which the child is puny, weak and delicate, and does not thrive well, one would strongly recommend the use of Ryckman's Kootenay Cure, not because we say it's good for these conditions, but because *Mothers gladly state under oath how it saved their darlings when everything else failed.*

One of these mothers was Mrs. Geo. White, who lives at 139 Stinson St., Hamilton, Ont. She says that her daughter Louisa is nine years of age, has always been delicate, and has had Eczema since birth. Since giving her Kootenay Cure the Eczema has gone, and her general health is greatly improved.

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A Morbid Conscience.

It is well, in seeking to imitate the apostle's "exercise" to have always "a conscience void of offence," to remember that the phrase was followed by two clauses: "toward God and toward men." Augustus Hare, while a student at Oxford, met an undergraduate whose morbid conscience made him an oddity, amused his friends, and offended strangers. In the story of My Life, Mr. Hare describes the man, called R., as follows:

His arms and legs straggled away from his body, and he holds his hands up like a kangaroo. One day a man said to him, "How do you do, R.?" and he answered, "Quite well, thank you." The next day the man was astonished at receiving from R. the following note:

"DEAR SIR,—I am sorry to tell you that I have been acting a deceptive part. When I told you yesterday that I was quite well, I had really a headache; this has been upon my conscience ever since."

The note amused the man, whose name was Burton, and he showed it to a friend, who, knowing R.'s weakness, said to him:

"Oh, R., how could you act so wrongly as to call Mr. Burton 'dear sir,' thereby giving him the impression that you liked him, when you know that you dislike him extremely?"

R. was sadly distressed, and a few days later Mr. Burton received the following:

"Burton, I am sorry to trouble you again, but I have been shown that, under the mask of friendship, I have been for the second time deceiving you: by calling you 'dear sir,' I may have led you to suppose I liked you, which I never did, and never can do. I am, Burton, yours, etc."

Not Unlucky.

London Mail.

A well known woman of title had several times had a man from the cycle-maker's to execute various repairs to her machine—repairs which were necessary on account of the firm's careless workmanship. Her ladyship's little girl happened to be watching the work with great interest, and remarked to the mechanic: "Don't you think mamma's very unlucky with her bike?"

"Unlucky, did yer say?" was the man's reply. "Why, her ladyship's alive still, ain't she? Well, some of our customers ain't."

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One of the greatest railroad companies in the United States has done away with the "butchers." That is the name by which the impudent boys are known who sell chewing-gum, poor cigars, bad novels and worse periodicals in cars. For this relief, all passengers on that road, and all persons who hope for the final triumph of morality and good manners, will be thankful.



## Music.

There is a growing conviction on all sides that large choruses, carefully chosen, are not the most desirable mediums for the interpretation of the great oratorios. Oratorio conductors in Toronto have for years been handicapped by the inferior character of the material of which their choruses have, for the most part, been constituted. It appears from accounts which reach us from time to time from other large cities, that this order of things is not peculiar to Toronto. In a recent issue of the *Musical Courier*, Mr. Philip Hale of Boston, in commenting on the possible change of conductors for the Handel and Haydn Society of the Hub, says: "I do not believe that any conductor can do much with the chorus of the Handel and Haydn as it now is. The chorus numbers over four hundred. It might, with great advantage, be cut down to two hundred, or better yet to one hundred and fifty. Bulk no longer counts in the performance of chorals, except to the injury of the composer. I admit freely the good work done by this society in former years when mediocrity passed for excellence; but we are now living in the nineties, and not in the fifties or early sixties. If a change in the conductorship be thought expedient, it would be only the part of prudence to give the new conductor a fair chance." It is evident from the remarks quoted that the Boston critic desires to draw attention specially to the fact that whilst the Handel and Haydn society of to-day may not be inferior to the chorus of thirty years ago, the musical culture of the people has advanced to such an extent that a different order of work is necessary in the nineties from that which may have passed as excellent in years gone by. His remarks in this respect have a general application.

On Monday evening last, in the school-room of the Bloor street Baptist church, an artistic musical treat was provided by the pupils of Moulton Ladies' College. Despite inclement weather there was a large audience present, and the programme, which was under the direction of Miss Mary Smart, was received with greatest enthusiasm. The most comprehensive feature of the entertainment was a performance by the choral class of the College, under Miss Smart's baton, of Vincent Wallace's cantata, *Gitanella*. The work of the chorus, whether judged from the standpoint of interpretation or quality of the voices, was most creditable to Miss Smart. It has been the policy of this popular conductress to produce annually, with the college chorus, a standard work. During the past eight years as many cantatas have been produced, all of an exacting character. Mention should also be made of the excellent work of Miss Burke and Miss Hoffmann in the solos of the cantata. Piano solos were rendered by Miss Cutler, Miss Nicholas and Miss Eckhardt, three of the most talented music pupils of the school. Miss Nicholas and Miss Eckhardt were heard to special advantage in Von Wilm's Valse, op. 78, for two pianos. Their solo work also proved them to be the possessors of exceptional talent. Miss Eckhardt's rendering of Brassin's Nocturne, op. 17, was one of the artistic gems of the evening's entertainment. Miss Smart made the recipient of several handsome bouquets at the close of the concert.

A very successful piano recital was given at the Metropolitan School of Music on Thursday evening of last week by Miss Gwendolyn Roberts, one of the most gifted pupils of the director of the institution, Mr. W. O. Forsyth. Miss Roberts presented a programme of much merit and attractiveness, in which there was a happy blending of compositions chosen from the works of classical and modern composers. Technically and musically her playing was of a character which proved conclusively the possession of unusual natural talent on the part of the young performer, and of a thorough and systematic training which revealed Mr. Forsyth's excellent ability as an instructor in an unmistakably satisfactory light. Miss Roberts achieved a distinct success and was made the recipient of numerous well deserved recalls and floral offerings during the evening. The assisting pupils were Master Oscar Taylor, a violin pupil of Herr Heinrich Klingensfeld, and Misses A. and V. Paterson, vocal pupils of Mr. J. M. Sherlock. In the clever playing of Master Taylor the exceptionally fine work of Herr Klingensfeld as a teacher was at all times in evidence. Mr. Sherlock's success as a teacher was also very satisfactorily demonstrated in the singing of the Misses Paterson, and the entire recital proved a most enjoyable and meritorious event upon which all who participated may be congratulated.

The vocal recital given by several advanced pupils of Mr. W. Elliott Haslam in St. George's Hall on Tuesday evening last, was one of the most artistic events of the kind held in the city this season. A programme of rare excellence was presented, and the manner in which it was carried out proved conclusively the superior natural ability of the participating vocalists, and demonstrated again the eminently practical methods of instruction employed by Mr. Haslam in the training of those who are enrolled in his classes. Among those taking part were several singers who have gained more than a local reputation as vocalists of a high order. Miss Gladys Notman, Miss Lillian Norman, Miss May Taylor, Miss Edith Hirst, Mrs. Crowley and Messrs. W. E. Rundle and W. R. P. Parker were the soloists of the evening—a group of singers, by the way, of whom Mr. Haslam has every reason to feel proud. There was noticeable in the work of all of these vocalists a refined interpretation of the chosen numbers, a uniform smoothness and fluency of execution, and a general regard for details of phrasing and expression generally, which reflected most creditably upon all concerned. The accompaniments were played with much care and effect by Miss Shippe.

The ladies of the Chamber Music Association have arranged to bring the famous Kneisel String Quartette of Boston to Toronto on the evening of October 7 next. This organization is acknowledged to be the finest of the kind in America, and is admitted by English critics, who have recently had opportunities of hearing the Quartette, to be one of the very best in the world. Several of the splendid artists composing the organization are personally well

known to a number of our Toronto musicians who have been privileged frequently to hear them in Europe in *ensemble* music, prior to the acceptance of their Boston engagement. It is a question whether there exists a more satisfactory quartette in any country at the present time than the organization which the local Association have, with such commendable enterprise, engaged for their next concert. It is hoped and expected that the music-loving element of the city will rally to the support of the Association on the occasion of the first visit of the Kneisel Quartette to Toronto. A subscribers' list will be placed at Nordheimer's.

Rehearsals are progressing most favorably for the patriotic concert to be given in Massey Music Hall by the Toronto Philharmonic on the evening of June 21. The chorus of the society, about two hundred strong, is said to be the best oratorio chorus gathered together in this city for several seasons. A programme of much interest, appropriate to this season of Jubilee rejoicings, is being prepared. Among the numbers to be rendered will be the English, Irish and Scotch national airs, and Mr. H. H. Godfrey's popular song and chorus, *The Land of the Maple*. A very distinguished and influential patrons' list has been secured for the event, among those who have lent their patronage being His Excellency the Governor-General of Canada, His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, Colonel Sir Casimir Gzowski, A. D. C., His Worship Mayor Fleming, the City Council, and Mrs. John Morrow. The prices will be popular and the society hopes for the patronage which the occasion and the merits of the programme to be presented, call for.

Hamiltonians are jubilant over the success of the Choral Society's recent concert in the Armory building of the Ambitious City. An audience of two thousand persons listened to the Messiah on this occasion, and for once in the history of local musical societies a cash balance is on hand at the end of the season. The *Spectator*, in an able editorial article in its music column, says of the concert: "We have in the past been in the habit of recording artistic musical successes in conjunction with financial failures, particularly in regard to oratorio affairs in this city. It has been the record of oratorio societies here for many years past. To-day we are enabled to record artistic success coupled with financial success in connection with the first season of the Choral society. I am told by E. J. Wilson, secretary of the society, that the chances are the society will close the year with a balance of nearly \$150 to its credit. Is this not a time for music-lovers to shout hurrah?"

The presence of a crowded audience on Wednesday evening, June 2, at the Parkdale Presbyterian church, evidenced the existence of considerable interest in the work of the new choir under Mr. Alexander M. Gorrie, who was recently appointed choirmaster there. The occasion was that of the initial service of praise held in the church, and the work of the choir in accompanied and unaccompanied sacred selections manifested itself to be of a very creditable order. Solos were rendered by Miss Ida McLean, Miss Janet Grant and Mr. Percival Parker, and Masters Eddie Cook and Charlie Dean. A recit., *Send Down Thine Hand*, and *aria*, *I Will Sing a New Song*, composed by Mr. Edmund Hardy, Mus. Bac., A.T.C.M., the organist of the church, received a fervent and spirited rendering at the hands of Mr. Gorrie. Organ voluntaries by Mendelssohn, Batiste and Wely were contributed with excellent effect by Mr. Hardy throughout the evening.

A concert will be given in the Pavilion by advanced pupils of Miss Norma Reynolds on Tuesday evening next. The event, a benefit, by the way, to St. John's Hospital, will be under the auspices of the Conservatory of Music. Among the pupils taking part will be: Mrs. Lund-Reburn, A.T.C.M.; Miss Gertrude Beld; Miss Annie Hallworth, A.T.C.M.; Miss Elda Idle, A.T.C.M.; Fraulein Tilla Lapatin-koff, Miss Alice McCarron, Miss Lola Roman, Miss Maude Richards, Miss Teresa Tymon, Miss E. Maide Whitney, Mr. H. C. Johnson and Mr. H. P. Stuthebury. *Appropos* of the work of Miss Reynolds' pupils, it might be mentioned that Miss Elda Idle, soprano, has been appointed to the Elm street Methodist church quartette; Miss Lola Roman to that of Sherbourne street Methodist church, and Miss Callie Idle as contralto in choir of Bond street Congregational church.

A very large audience expressed their pleasure in listening to a well rendered programme at Mr. Frank Blackford's recital in the theater of the Normal school on Thursday evening of last week. Mr. Blackford, who was warmly applauded in each of his selections, manifested not only a high order of natural ability, but proved himself to be a painstaking and conscientious student. His numbers were Wieniawski's Capriccio Valse, *Vieuxtemps' Reverie* and *Leonard's Souvenir de Haydn*. Very able support was rendered Mr. Blackford by Miss Hobson, soprano; Miss Beatrix Hamilton, elocutionist; Mr. Napier Durand, pianist, and Mrs. H. M. Blight, accompanist. Mr. Blackford leaves for Germany shortly for the further pursuance of his musical studies.

A very successful sacred concert was given at St. Paul's church, Peterborough, recently by the choir of the church, under the direction of Mr. J. Crane, assisted by Mr. Harold Jarvis of Detroit, tenor. The choir of this church has gained an enviable reputation for the admirable character of its work during recent years, and its achievements on this occasion are referred to by local papers in most enthusiastic terms. Among other numbers given was Gounod's splendid setting of Psalm cxxvii, *By Babylon's Wave*. The rendering of this fine motette was especially praised.

On Sunday evening last at the Carlton street Methodist church the musical service was made unusually interesting through the first performance of two clever compositions by the organist of the church, Mr. T. Arthur Miller, namely, an anthem with organ overture, entitled *The Day of Resurrection*, and a duet for tenor and soprano, *Saviour, Breathe an Evening Blessing*. Mr. Miller is one of the most promising and gifted of our younger musicians,

and bids fair in the future to acquire prominence in the profession.

Miss Hortense Hibbard of New York, a well known solo pianist, is at present in the city taking a special course of piano instruction under Mr. H. M. Field. Miss Hibbard has been engaged to play in Boston at the opening of the season with the Kneisel String Quartette. She has also been engaged to play with the Danreuther Quartette of New York and under Damrosch.

The Mason & Risch piano company have published a second patriotic song of Mr. H. H. Godfrey, entitled *Hark! The Drum*. The success of Mr. Godfrey's *The Land of the Maple* is likely to be duplicated by the later song just issued. The words are also by Mr. Godfrey.

The annual June examinations of the Conservatory of Music will be held on June 15, 16, 17 and 18. Mr. W. H. Sherwood of Chicago will, as usual, conduct the piano examinations on June 17 and 18.

A number of reports of pupils recitals and closing concerts are unavoidably crowded out. MODERATO.

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Infants' Outfits from \$10.  
Ladies' Trousseau to order.  
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Small Children's Clothing  
All kinds to order.  
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Has just received a choice assortment of  
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Also the newest designs in  
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Artistic Dressmaking  
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Also Latest Novelties in Spring Millinery  
Veilings, Flowers, Etc. Etc.

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Has just returned from New York with the very  
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"PUT IT OFF"  
is a bad maxim to follow. Its evil effects are  
particularly felt in the matter of education.  
Many a business man to-day regrets the time  
he "put off" the opportunity to get a better  
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*Central Business College*  
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is open to receive new members at any time.  
It offers excellent facilities for practical train-  
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particularly strong. Present session con-  
tinues to July 30th. Holiday for August.  
Solid work again Sept. 1st. Get particulars.  
Enter now. Address W. H. SHAW, Prin.,  
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Social and Personal.

The Knickerbocker Bicycle Club will be having a jolly outing at old Niagara this Saturday, and the members of the club and their friends to the number of seventy-five ladies and gentlemen leave this afternoon by the Chicora. The Knickerbockers are to be joined at Niagara by a detachment of the Spinning Wheel Club from Hamilton. A bicycle dance is on the tapis for this evening, to which the red coats of the officers in camp at Niagara will lend a dash of color. A jaunt to the Falls for to-morrow adds to the pleasure of a thoroughly enjoyable programme which has been well arranged by the president, Mr. Albert Nordheimer, the energetic captain, Mr. Arthur Vankoughnet, who has charge of the details, and the active secretary, Mr. George Evans, who, with his honny bride, is expected to join the party at the Queen's Royal. The hotel has donned its brightest garb for the reception of the cyclists, as it has been re-papered, re-furnished and renovated throughout in a most artistic and handsome manner.

Dr. D. D. Wickson and Miss Maggie Tod will be married on June 15 at the bride's residence, Macpherson avenue.

I hear that cards will be out in a few days for the wedding of Mr. Charles F. Smallpeice and Miss Lila Logan, daughter of the deputy warden of the Central Prison.

To the correspondent who enquires what response to make to the invitation received to the church wedding, it is necessary to send a formal acceptance of the same. "Mr. and Mrs. — accept with pleasure Mr. and Mrs. —'s invitation to be present at the marriage of their daughter on June —." Then, if you wish, send a little gift to the bride a few days before the wedding, enclosing your card and writing on it over your name, "With best wishes."

Mrs. Nordheimer of Gleneddyth returned home on Monday with her second daughter and two of the younger children. Her nephew, Mr. Arthur Taylor, accompanied her from England.

Captain and Mrs. Henry Brock and family have moved to Niagara-on-the-Lake for the summer, and are occupying one of the charming cottages erected in connection with the Queen's Royal. Mr. and Mrs. Henry Cawthra will go to Niagara shortly, but will stay at the hotel. The prevalence of scarlet fever in St. George street and other fashionable districts has caused many families to make an earlier departure for their summer homes, and to the more healthful resorts like Niagara, Cobourg or Preston.

It is rumored on good authority that the Provincial College of Music students are preparing for a jubilee concert under the able direction of Miss M. J. Morton. Many will remember the delightful recital given last year to a crowded house by Miss Morton's students.

A Good Reason for Wonder.

The country editor, so says the Cincinnati Enquirer, laid down with impatience the great city daily that he was reading in the bosom of his family, and exclaimed:

"Mighty funny!"

"What is funny, John?"

"Why, this here paper has this paragraph: 'Eva Hollis-Whopper, the charming soubrette, has just purchased a new bulldog.'"

"Such items are quite common in the big papers, John."

"Yes, I know it; but why do they laugh at me for publishing the information that Squire Jim Brown has painted his barn?"

He Meant Well.

The story is told in a New Hampshire town of a half-demented boy who one Sunday escaped from the poor-farm, and in the course of his wanderings entered the "orthodox" church. The day was hot, and the sermon long; the



Dress Skirts

of superior make and finish, latest tailor cuts, in rich Satins, Silk Brocades, Moire Velour, Moire Poplin, Grenadines, Serges, Figured Alpaca, Lustrs, Tweeds and Canvas Cloths, fit guaranteed: also made to order on short notice.

Costumes

Eton and Reefer Coats, with lined skirts, well made and fitted.

New Golf Capes

In a great variety of Scottish Clan and Family Tartans, also warm wool mixtures and heavy reversible cloths. For ocean and land travel these capes are at once the most comfortable and stylish garment made for the purpose.

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Engraved in the Latest Style.

Write for prices and samples.

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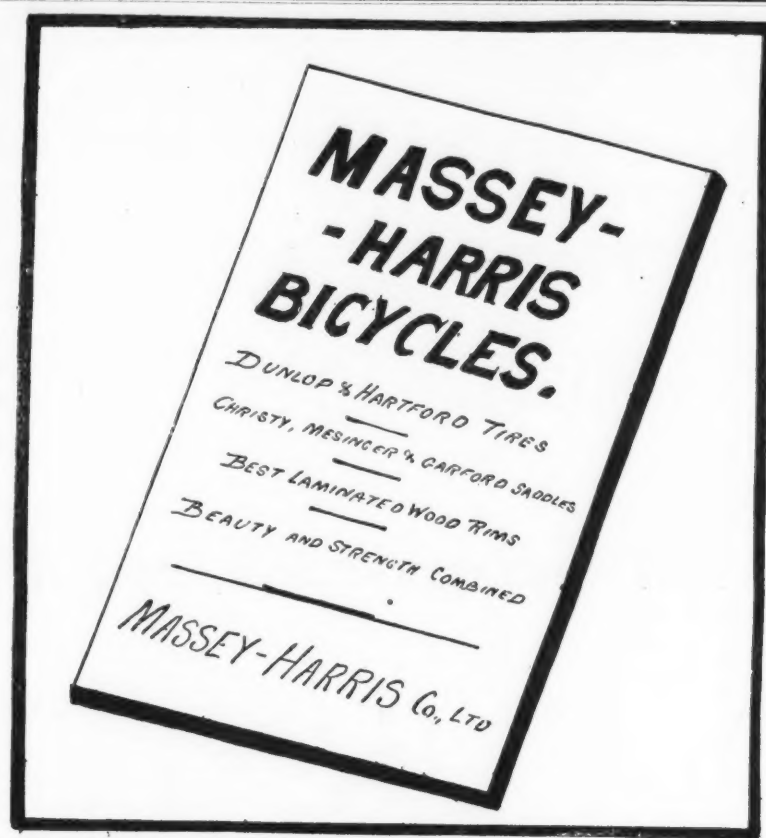
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We will be delighted to show you our complete and well assorted stock. The latest and leading styles and newest designs, artistically fashioned to meet the requirements of each customer.

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congregation drowsed in their seats, or sleepily fanned themselves and wished the minister would draw his remarks to a close. Suddenly the half-witted boy entered at the rear of the church, with his arms loaded with apples.


He threw one of them at the right-hand wall, where it hit with a squashing sound and spattered down upon the head of a slumbering deacon, who gave a sudden start and sat up very straight.

The minister paused and addressed the sexton, who had also suddenly awakened from a nap.

"Remove that disturber at once," he said with some severity.

"Don't you mind me, parson," answered the half-wit, as he aimed another apple; "you go right along with what you are saying and I'll keep 'em awake for you as long as you say."

Estella—I am sure that solemn-looking passenger is an actor. Murilla—Why? Estella—I saw him in the station restaurant and the air of tragic resignation with which he attacked the sandwiches convinced me.—N.Y. Truth.

Most People  
Ride all season without needing a repair of any kind when they use  
**Dunlop Tires**  
But if accidents should happen you can remove, mend and replace Dunlop's with no other tools but your hands.  
  
Besides, they're a fast tire, full of vim and go—they delight everybody.  
American Dunlop Tire Co., Toronto

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Tomatoes  
Mushrooms  
Rhubarb  
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Cress (GARDEN and WATER)  
Green Onions  
Choice Celery

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726 & 728 Yonge St.  
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49 King Street, East

**Hungarian Ware**  
I have just received 3 CASES of this celebrated ware.  
Pedestals and Pots  
Flower Pots  
Fruit and Flower Stands  
Jardinieres  
Ornaments  
The above make beautiful wedding presents.

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Jeffrey's  
Hair Tonic  
NOT A DRESSING  
For promoting the growth and preventing the hair from falling out. The formula from which this is prepared has been endorsed by some of the leading physicians of Toronto, and its beneficial effect can be testified by many hairdressers of this city. Prepared by  
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POSITIVELY CURES PIMPLES, BLOTCHES, Boils, Eczema, Salt Rheum, Eruptions, Ringworm, Scrofula, Erysipelas, and all eruptions of the skin. They give a delicate and beautiful bloom to the complexion. No lady should be without them. Perfectly harmless. Agent,  
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It isn't hot weather yet, but it may be by the time you read this "ad," and then you'll want some cooling, refreshing  
**Ice Cream Soda**  
flavored with fresh fruits. We have the kind that touches the right spot and leaves a pleasant taste in the mouth. All fresh fruit flavors.  
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If tourists knew the peaceful rest, recreation, comfort and healthfulness to be enjoyed at a moderate expense at this hotel, the question which is freely discussed in every family circle, **Where shall we spend the summer?** would be at once decided in our favor. Special rates for families for the season. Booklets on application.  
M. A. THOMAS, Manager.  
F. M. THOMAS, Resident Manager.

THE NEWPORT OF CANADA

**QUEEN'S ROYAL** Hotel and Cottages, Niagara-on-the-Lake

OPEN FOR THE SEASON JUNE 12  
Renovated and improved. Perfect system of sanitation. Special rate for June of \$12 per week and upwards. Opening Day Saturday, June 12. Send for particulars. McEAW & WINNETT, Niagara-on-the-Lake, Ontario.

**PROSPECT HOUSE**

Port Sandfield

The well known Paradise summer resort on the

**MUSKOKA LAKES**

will open June 20th. For health, pure air, fine views unequalled. Fine beach for bathing. Table unexcelled. Send for illustrated card for information and rates to—  
ENOCH COX, Proprietor.

**ROSSEAU, MUSKOKA**

**TO RENT**—By the undersigned, two furnished cottages on the lake shore, with good verandas. Also boats and canoes at Muskoka Wharf, boat house and Port Carling, ready to ship to any point desired.  
HENRY DITCHBURN, Rosseau.

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The central point of the Muskoka Lakes. Scenery unsurpassed in the district.

Good Boating, Bathing and Fishing, Lawn Tennis. Cottages to let, fine views, good verandas; board in hotel. Table second to none. Everything strictly first-class. Daily boat and mail.

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Skeleton Lake, Muskoka

This magnificently situated summer hotel, first-class in all appointments, will be open for the reception of guests on 1st July, 1897.

Excellent bathing, boating, canoeing and fishing. Passengers leaving Toronto by the morning train can reach the hotel by 6.30 p.m. Rates quoted and all further information given on application to the proprietors. EOW

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Canada's Great Summer Hotel

Open June 15th. Sanitary arrangements the very latest and most approved. Baths and W. C.'s, entirely new, of the most modern style. Steam heating (Safford Radiators), for chilly or wet weather. Electric lighted. Fishing, boating, bathing, tennis courts, orchestra, under leadership of Prof. Jennings, leader Grand Opera House Orchestra, Toronto. Write for booklet. J. K. PAISLEY, Manager. Address care G. T. R. Office, cor. King and Yonge Streets, Toronto, Canada. 64

**Woodington House**

Lake Rosseau, Muskoka

This house, one of the finest on the lakes, is now open for the reception of guests.

Particular attention paid to the table, with prompt and efficient service in every department.

M. WOODS,  
Owner and Manager.

**The Belvidere Hotel**

PARRY SOUND, Ont.

Will open on the 23rd June for the Summer Season under the management of W. J. Bradley.

For rates, etc., address

W. J. BRADLEY,  
Parry Sound, Ont.

**BEAUTY!**

Ladies are in a flutter over the wonderful new invention and **magic beautifier**—the "Paris Face Steamer." It absolutely removes wrinkles and all facial blemishes, giving to the face a **pearly blooming purity**. Crowds of ladies are buying them and are unanimous in their opinion—that it is the most wonderful beautifier yet produced. Manufactured only by the **Paris Face Steaming Co.**, 11 King St. W., upstairs, over the Bas-shette.

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A nice office, try the SATURDAY NIGHT Building.

Apply to Cashier.



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We are now settled in our

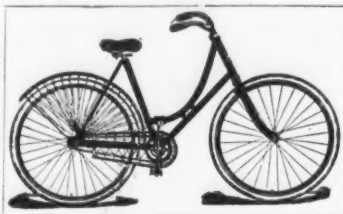
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Amid all the uncertainties

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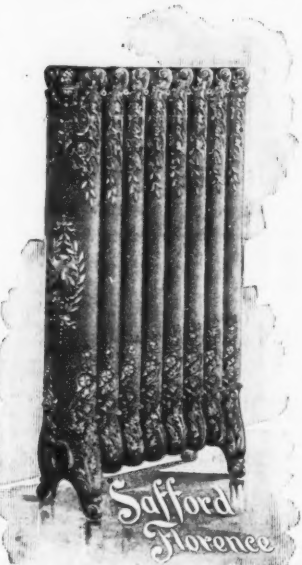
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The Largest Radiator Manufacturers Under the British Flag



### Summer Dress.

For business, the sack suit keeps well in front and in favor. It suits old men and young men, and is always presentable. Of course, there is much in the designing and finishing, and one always finds from season to season, variation enough in cut to make one feel there is change of style. Some drapers have the happy knack of introducing their own individuality in the designing. This you will find in garments made by Henry A. Taylor, Rossin House block, and this week he is showing some specially designed business sack suits. One coat notably has strapped seams, with corresponding strap set down front, on which are set the buttons. The coat is of double-breasted style. His stock of summer-weight woollens is very superior.

## BABY'S OWN TABLETS...

A favorite prescription of a regular practitioner, who has had a long and successful experience in the treatment of diseases peculiar to infancy and childhood.

Baby's Own Tablets regulate the bowels, check diarrhoea, reduce fever, expel worms, relieve white teething, cure colic, produce sleep. They are easy to take, put up in candy form, children just love them. Free sample and paper doll for baby's name.

Use...  
BABY'S OWN POWDER.  
The Dr. Howard Medicine Co., Brookville, Ont.

### The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb.

#### Births.

ROSS—June 8, Mrs. C. C. Ross—a daughter.  
HAYES—June 6, Mrs. Louis M. Hayes—a daughter.  
BUCKLEY—June 4, Mrs. M. J. Buckley—a son.  
SPEER—June 3, Mrs. J. C. Speer—a son.  
WHITFIELD—May 31, Mrs. T. G. Whitfield—a son.  
O'MEARA—June 2, Mrs. T. R. O'Meara—a daughter.

#### Marriages.

HOWARD—MOORE—Frank E. Howard, M.D., of Lackawaxen, Pa., to Helena M. Moore, A.T.C.M., of Brooklin, Ont.  
THATCHER—MESSER—June 9, George E. Thatcher to Minnie F. Messer.  
LEYDEN—WINTON—June 2, Fred D. Leyden to Winnifred B. Winton.  
NEIL—BROWN—June 3, Rev. John Neil to Mrs. W. Brown.  
TAIT—STANLEY—June 3, W. C. Tait to Harriet Stanley.  
BUCK—REYNOLDS—June 1, Henry G. Buck to Lillian Reynolds.  
MONTAGUE—GIFFORD—June 2, Powell Montague to Sarah A. Gifford.  
RYAN—KEITH—May 27, W. P. Ryan to Anna M. Keith.  
SAUNDERS—MILNER—June 5, E. M. Saunders to Jessie Milner.  
BURNS—HOLMES—June 5, W. T. Burns to Carrie Holmes.  
CATTO—TAYLOR—June 7, Charles J. Catto to Leila Alice Taylor.  
BRUCE—EASTWOOD—June 7, A. D. Bruce to Louise Eastwood.

PRINCE—O'BRIEN—June 7, Henry Prince to Mildred O'Brien.  
CLARK—WILLIAMS—June 7, Dr. D. A. Clark to Olive Williams.  
BEASLEY—HESKETH—June 9, Herbert H. Beasley to Annie Hesketh.  
CRAIG—LUMMIS—June 9, H. J. Craig to Hyde Lummis.  
GODDEN—CUMMINS—June 9, Clarence P. Godden to Marion Cummins.  
ROSS—SANDERS—June 9, John F. Ross to Caroline Louise Sanders.  
TARVER—BRAYLEY—June 7, E. A. Tarver to Ivy Brayley.

#### Deaths.

BALDWIN—May 26, William H. Baldwin, aged 89.  
NORTHCOTT—June —, Henry Stafford Northcott.  
STRANGE—June 5, Frederick William Strange, aged 32.  
MACDOUGALL—June 6, W. H. Macdougall, aged 53.  
HEWETT—June 3, Lieut. Gen. E. O. Hewett, C.M.G.  
HILL—June —, William Hill, aged 78.  
MUIRHEAD—June 3, Barbara H. Muirhead, aged 78.  
PATTERSON—June 2, George Patterson, aged 74.  
BARRETT—June 3, George Barrett, aged 42.  
DANCY—June 3, John Dancy, aged 56.  
SNEATH—June 7, Emma Bell Sneath, aged 72.  
RUTHERFORD—June 7, John Rutherford, aged 89.  
CULP—June 8, Benjamin Culp, aged 75.

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Especially suitable for WEDDING GIFTS

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IN

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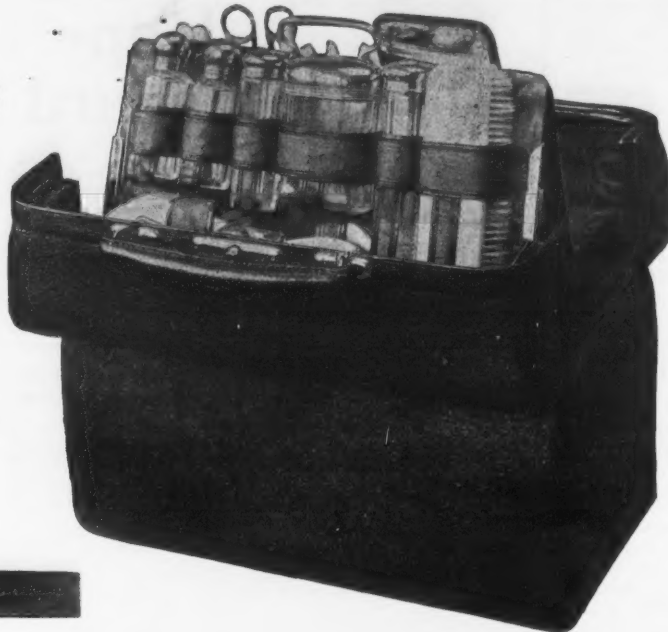
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In the Newest Colors

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